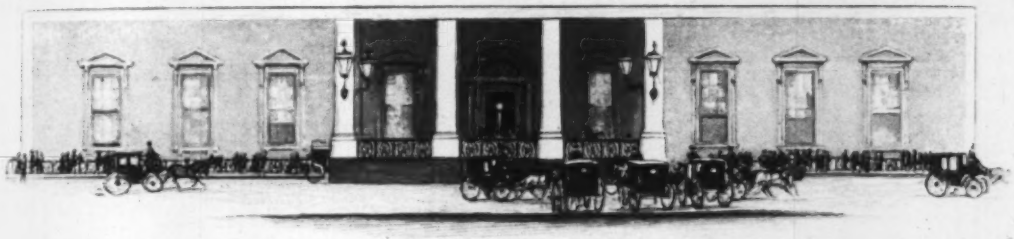
McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XVIII. APRIL, 1902. No. 6.



THE OVERWORKED PRESIDENT.

By Lincoln Steffens,

Author of "Theodore Roosevelt, Governor," and "Governor Roosevelt as an Experiment."

THERE is in America a concern much greater than the United States Steel Corporation or any other commercial company, railway, industrial, or financial. It has the equivalent of a capital, not of a hundred millions, but of a hundred billions; an income of a hundred millions, and an annual expenditure sometimes as great as the income, sometimes greater. The stockholders number 76,000,000, and the conduct of the business affects their welfare more directly, immediately, and seriously than the management of any other company does its small partners, for the affairs of this concern are extraordinarily various and general. The greatest business organization on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, it is the foundation of all other enterprise.

Now the president of this concern has powers commensurate with the magnitude of its interests. So, too, his responsibility is great, his duties manifold, and his labor onerous. He has directors to advise, and executive officers to do for him; the organization is complete, well-tried, and sound, but all this machinery is subsidiary. The president himself is held accountable by the stockholders for everything. If he had none but the most important functions to fulfill, his time would be crowded.

Besides these essential duties, however, the president of this organization is expected, and does try, to perform a great many services that are utterly trivial. He is called upon to settle not alone the rows among his important agents, but also the petty squabbles of employees no better than gang foremen and section bosses; he himself appoints all sorts of menials, investigating and choosing between the claims of applicants for places relatively about as important as those of janitors and mule-drivers. He receives and distributes much of the mail of his subordinates, handling some of it with his own hands, and acting upon no little of it. Moreover, this man thus burdened is required by custom to keep open house for all comers. He has to allow his idlest stockholders to enter his own residence, walk curiously about his parlor; and those who are not satisfied may go into the room where he is talking to his business advisers, speak to him, shake him by the hand, while he is bound to listen to their

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An important visitor.

troubles and congratulations and express sympathy or pleasure with them.

Absurd, is it not? No president of a purely business concern would or could do it. It could be true only of a government, of a democratic State, of the United States of America. Well, the point is that it is both true and absurd.

The President of the United States is the most powerful constitutional ruler on earth, and the most responsible. He is king and prime minister; as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, he really commands—directing and approving operations in the field during a war, and signing all commissions in time of peace;—he is the head of all the departments, the adviser of the legislature, the responsible chief of the treasury, the controller of our international relations, and the active director of public improvements.

But the President is the head of the people also, and it is in this rôle and in that of party leader that we find him doing as outlined above. It is as the first citizen of the Republic that he has to throw open part of his house "daily, Sundays excepted, for the inspection of visitors between the hours of 10 A.M and 2 P.M.," as the White House rules put it. No other citizen's home has to be open for inspection; no other government office is subjected to this visitation.

Here are the other White House rules:

"The Cabinet will meet on Tuesdays and Fridays from 11 A.M. until 1 P.M.

"Senators and Representatives will be received from 10 A.M. to 12 M., excepting on Cabinet days.

"Visitors having business with the President will be admitted from 12 to 1 o'clock daily, excepting Cabinet days, so far as public business will permit."

By this arrangement the President should have for public business two whole days, Tuesdays and Fridays, when the Cabinet meets; all but three hours of every other day; and of these three, two hours for Senators and Representatives, who are supposed to call on matters of State. As a matter of fact, those rules are broken all to pieces. Visitors call on all days; they arrive before 10 o'clock, and the Senators and Representatives who call commonly bring with them constituents, so that the Congressmen's two hours are spoiled for them and for business by being made a time for public reception. The hour for citizens from 12 to 1 is no different from the two earlier hours, and there is usually such a crowd that the President is kept busy handshaking till 1.30 o'clock. Then he is likely to have at luncheon visitors whom he really wishes to see, but who could not reach him at the proper time. After luncheon there are a few men with special appointments, and it is not till 3.30 o'clock or 4 that President Roosevelt, by an innovation which other Presidents have tried and failed to introduce, gets away for a walk or a horseback ride. The evening is for public functions, or if they are private, the President has guests, often statesmen or politicians, almost always men of affairs, who keep the talk on "shop." They stay after dinner, and others come in during the evening. This is, of course, all further testimony to the great power of the President; indeed, the position is magnificent. But it is ridiculous also, as any one must see who spends a day with him.

Mr. Roosevelt is a man of uncommon vigor. All his life he has sought work for the work's sake. Position, like salary, he has not needed, and his strenuous spirit has put him in this category because he needed always to be doing. Neither did it matter much what the work was—assemblyman and rancher;

civil service commissioner and historian; police commissioner and essayist; secretary of the navy and biographer; cavalry colonel, historian of his regiment, and candidate for governor; governor and hunter; Vice-President and then President—he has piled on the work, dropping the job done for the next with an avidity for the doing of things which has made him, hardier and more eager than ever, President at the earliest age recorded in the place. Surely he is the man who of all others could carry the people's burden and laugh at the toil. And he does laugh. But those nearest him say that the strain is beginning to be felt, and that he, even Theodore Roosevelt, is often weary.

An early riser and up betimes, he darts into the breakfast-room with a cheerful hail to those already there, some of his family and a visitor or two. The visitors are confidential friends, and their interests are his. But his are government and politics. In other words, the day's work is begun. By nine he is in his office, where he and Mr. George B. Cortelyou, the Secretary to the President, are to have a quiet hour forecasting and planning the business before them. Mr. Cortelyou shows him the list of his appointments; the notes of bills, orders, and reports to come up, and such mail as he has to see. The President has to hurry because, as an exception (which occurs nearly every day), an appointment has been made before 10 o'clock, at 9.45; and it is 9.30 now.

"There is not a chair unoccupied."

"Out in the anteroom

Just then the President's usher looks in. The President is indicating—not dictating, mind you (there is no time for that), but flashing hints of the replies he would make to the cream of his mail; and the secretary is making shorthand signs to recall them.

"Senator ——," says the usher; "important."

The President waves to let Senator —— come in, pelts some more hints at Mr. Cortelyou, and turns just in time to welcome his visitor. Before their hands have relaxed the grasp, the President and the Senator are at it. It is important; and they go over it all, but at high speed. Before they are through another Senator joins them, and by 9.45 the man with the special appointment is there. He hears the news; perhaps the others discuss it with him, and then go out leaving him to his special business. Before 10 o'clock other men with important and immediate business are there, and they drive one another on, while outside the crowd gathers.

On the White House door hangs a sign "Closed," and two men in simple blue uniform guard the entrance. You go up to the door. "I wish to see the President," you say.

The door is opened, and you pass up, following others, and followed by many more. Servants still are busy in the East Room; upstairs belated doorkeepers and clerks are hanging up their hats and overcoats. There are twenty people waiting in the hall; for if you are the public, you cannot go beyond, unless you have a special appointment; that is the rule. But you see many men and women filing in through the door to the office of the secretary to the President, and you send in your card. The doorkeeper nods an invitation to enter.

There is no chair unoccupied. The room is a large one, and chairs and sofas are set all about it; but they are filled, and many persons are standing. There are Senators and Representatives. They were admitted at once because it was their hour; but who are the other people—all these well-dressed men and shabby women? They are the constituents of the Congressmen, who are breaking the rules established for their own convenience. They stand about in groups, some talking aloud and laughing, others whispering. Except for the dignified secretary standing at his desk, the scene is one of picturesque self-assurance, of a democratic holiday.

Time passes and more people come in. Ten o'clock comes and goes, and the secretary steps into the Cabinet room. You can see the President talking there with a new set of "important" visitors. You look about

was another crowd."

you and count again the relatively important visitors, fifty-three in all: seven Senators, seventeen Representatives, two politicians and two police officers from New York, three women, two officers, and—the rest unclassified.

"I have here a constituent," says a Representative to a Senator, "who wants to see a live President," and a good-natured hand claps the shoulder of a countryman abashed at the loudness of the introduction.

"Well," the Senator says from his arm-chair, "he'll see the livest President we ever had."

The Cabinet door opens and the President in a long frock-coat springs up the steps into the room. He looks about and halts.

"I can't see all these people, Mr. Cortelyou. I won't. I cannot do it." But his eye has been flashing about him, and in the window-seat spies a man he knows.

"Senator ——, I am glad to see you," he says, and he seizes the Senator's hand. "I want to talk to you about——"

The Senator turns to a man and a woman with him.

"Mr. President, I wish to present to you Mr. and Mrs. ——. They have come all the way——"

"I am glad to meet you. I am glad to meet you," the President says to each of his new acquaintances, and his mind springs back to the business suggested by the sight of the Senator. "Senator," he says, "come in here with me. I want to see you about——"

He dives back into the Cabinet room, and the Senator follows. The door slams shut and the crowd, which has been silent to gaze, rallies and takes up the conversation again by groups. More visitors file in, more Congressmen, more constituents. Then comes Admiral Evans, whom all know to have been summoned to talk over with the President the plans for the reception of Prince Henry of Prussia. When the President reappears, he comes as before with a leap and a pause, then steps out a few paces, and swings all the way around. He sees the Admiral, and seems about to hail him as he used to do before he was President, but he checks his arm and points it straight at Evans, who rises, and the arm points off to the Cabinet-room door. Admiral Evans disappears within, and the President goes up briskly to the first group. A Senator is the center of it, and you expect to hear business; but no, it is constituents—a lot of them. The President shakes each by the hand, and to each says, "I am glad to see you," "I am very glad to see you," "I am very glad indeed to see *you*," "It is a pleasure to meet

you," and so on, each greeting varying a little by word or accent. But the President is intent on something he has to say to that Senator, and he pushes through up to him and carries him over to the fire-place, where they talk for a moment. Then the host fends away to some one else, striking out first for the faces he recognizes, usually those of Congressmen or officers of some department or branch of the service. Usually, too, the President has something serious to say, but rarely can he say it till he has "met" somebody. I wished the day I was there that not less but more Americans could have been there to see what the busiest man of us all was busied with.

It is some consolation to see that Mr. Roosevelt saves as many seconds as he can. He is very energetic, very brief with the people who "just want to see" him, and as soon as he has got at it he keeps the outflowing stream ahead of that which is flowing in.

"Mr. President, I want you to meet Mr. ——, a constituent of mine who only wants to see a live President." It was the good-natured Representative with his farmer friend.

"I am very glad to meet you," the President says, and he says it with a grasp of the hand and a cordiality that flashes conviction from his face, but it is only a flash. He drops the hand, his face sobers, and he moves off with the old Senator who has called him "the livest President." It is business again, and evidently it is important. They differ; there is a quick word from Mr. Roosevelt, and a slow shake of the older head, a ripping sentence, and a quiet answer; then:

"Think of it, Senator, think it over, and we'll talk about it another time."

And that is done with; and yet this Senator had business, real business with the President; you could tell by the way the President answered. When he speaks in a low, inaudible tone, you may be pretty sure that they are concerned with some matter of State; when, on the other hand, he has to meet requests that are matters not of State, but of politics, or worse, Mr. Roosevelt often speaks right out so that everybody hears. Petitioners whisper in vain; the answer is clear and distinct, and sometimes these answers are amusing to hear, seriously significant to reflect about afterwards.

They tell how one of the most eminent dignitaries of the Government was among the callers one day. The President gave him precedence, expecting that his business was important, and the visitor did lean over and whisper most seriously. To the amazement and amusement of the knowing onlookers, the President's reply aloud was:

White House clerks.

"Mr. ——, in the army, promotions go by seniority and merit alone."

The dignitary whispered even more softly than before; but again the reply was:

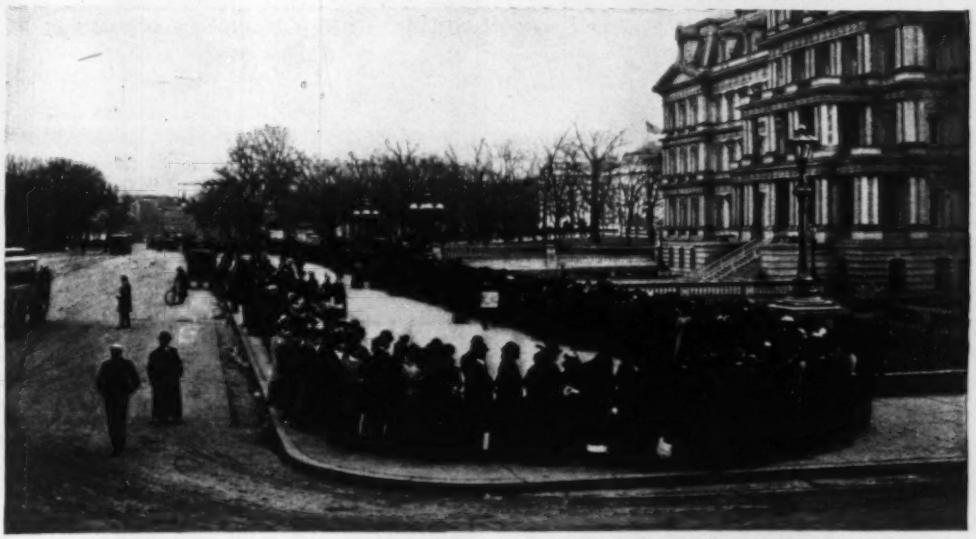
"Mr. ——, promotions in the army go by seniority and merit. It is a good practice, and I shall not interfere with it."

rupting aloud, "that you should take those claims to the Postmaster-General."

The flustered Congressman laid his hand on the President's shoulder; but the answer was sharper than before.

"Now, Congressman, you are only hurting your brother's case. He will have his

White House.



"*Just want to see the President.*"

Mr. —— retreated, and the people who had heard told one another that he had in the army a son, who was very dear to him.

Another time it is related that a committee of New Englanders called to make some sort of a universal peace address. They presented their paper. Then they talked a bit. Finally one of them expressed a hope that the President's known impetuosity would not lead him to make war unnecessarily. The President answered, with some impetuosity and some irony:

"You don't suppose I'd want a war while I'm cooped up here in the White House, do you?"

The personal rebuke to General Miles occurred in just this way. The General was among the many visitors of a busy day, and, since it was delicate business, the President invited him to go into the Cabinet room. When General Miles insisted on an answer in the large room, he got it.

The day I was there such diversions were few. One Representative, however, drew the President into a corner and began to whisper.

"I told you," said the President, inter-

chance for the place when the present incumbent's term is out. I have said I would not remove postmasters except for a cause and after a fair hearing; and I won't."

When the Representative spoke again he talked to the air, for the President was saying he was "very glad to meet *you*" to some one else.

The two police officers were next. They also whispered—at least one of them did, and he was pointing at the other, who looked meek. The President heard enough, and said very distinctly:

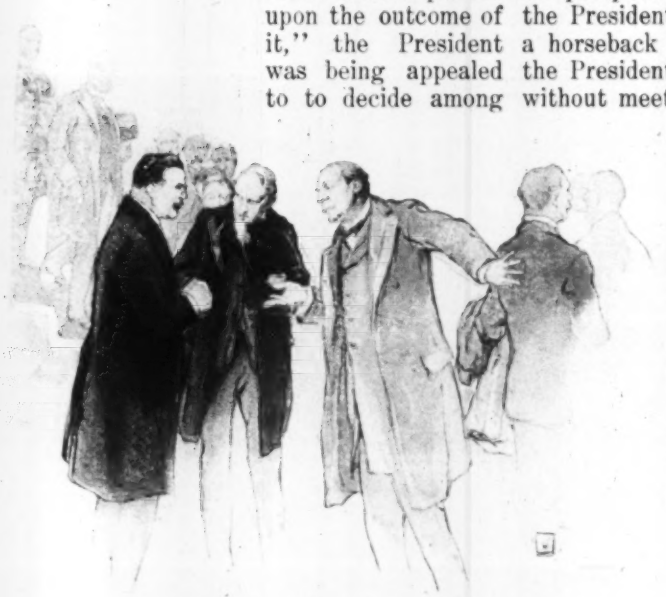
"I shall not interfere in the New York police force."

Both officers drew up closer to him and buzzed very earnestly a second; but he cut them off, saying more loudly than before:

"You must see Mayor Low about that."

They would have said more, but the President seized upon a Senator, and with him retreated into the Cabinet room. He was gone for fully twenty minutes. When he returned the crowd seemed to be greater than ever, but the sight of it did not feaze him this time. Pretty soon he came upon a man who had just "one word" to say in

favor of one candidate for an appointive office, as against all the rest of a large number of politicians involved in a small party squabble out in a Western State. The office at stake was a petty one, but as "the future of the Republican party in that commonwealth depended upon the outcome of it," the President was being appealed to to decide among the factions. I knew personally of seven such disagreements in six different States that had been appealed to Mr. Roosevelt at about that time. Probably there were twice as many more before him which I knew nothing of. The politicians concerned could not understand why, in view of the importance of their own control, Mr. Roosevelt did not give them more time and attention. He did decide afterwards in three cases, and in these three left hard feelings among those against whom his decision fell; he refused to act in two, and caused hard feelings on both sides.



"Rapidly reducing the crowd."

The President was now shaking hands so fast that he was rapidly reducing the crowd. Two persons he evidently wished to talk to he asked to precede him into the Cabinet room, and at 1.30 he joined them there, leaving in the secretary's room about a score of people who were invited to call the next day. Out in the anteroom was another crowd, and these also were bidden to call again.

The worst of the day's work was over. If he had followed the day's programme, he would have looked over the telegrams and important mail that had come in during the day, but there were his two remaining visitors to see, and after that he hurried off to luncheon with two other guests invited to that meal with him. After luncheon an unexpected visitor arrived, and not till this man was gone did the President and the secretary get down to some business that could not be postponed. It was three o'clock when the President retired for his daily exercise, a horseback ride. They say in Washington the President found he could not take walks without meeting some one who would stop him to shake hands, or join him to talk about business or politics, and that to get away from all this he has to go mounted. Yet his companion usually is some Senator or Government officer. In the interval between his return and dinner he goes over some more mail with his secretary, signs commissions, and, on my day, he received a report of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The evening was spent talking politics and State policies with an editor, two Senators, and a well-known public man, all interested with him in politics. Toward the end of the session the late evening will probably be devoted to signing or vetoing bills. That was the time President Cleveland and President McKinley gave to such work, and Mr. Cleveland often stole time for strictly governmental business in the early mornings.

It is preposterous. Ex-Senator W. E. Chandler, who uttered a protest in a Washington newspaper, said: "The evil is a serious one, and cannot much longer be endured. It is injuring the public service by preventing the President from giving enough attention to large public questions. It is shortening the lives of the Presidents. Unless a remedy is applied, few Presidents will go through one term, and come out with health sufficient to allow the remainder of life to be enjoyable; no one will thus go through two terms."

And Senator Chandler reviews the effect of this evil as he personally has observed it on other Presidents. Lincoln was weakening under it when he was assassinated; President Hayes left the Presidency in poor health; Garfield "held office only four months, but long enough to lessen his vitality"; Arthur "suffered unusually, left Washington in 1885 with low vitality, did not rally, and

died in 1886"; "President Cleveland has seemed an exception—but four years of leisure intervened between his two terms; he has a strong constitution, is an imperturbable person, yet Mrs. Cleveland is now appealing to the public against a renewal of applications for all sorts of things which can hardly be considered even by a man in robust health;" President Harrison "had a good physique—he would have been spared longer if he had not undergone the inevitable strain of four years of the Presidency."

Mr. Chandler described the change in President McKinley from the "elasticity and joyousness of the first term" to the "sadness and mere endurance" of the second term, and attributes his death indirectly to his bodily condition as the result of his long service in the White House.

The origin of this abuse was natural enough. George Washington had a sense not only of the dignity of the Presidency, but of the use which a sentiment of deference toward the Chief Magistrate might have in a democracy; he received only people who had business with him or were his social or personal friends, and at public functions he stood with one hand on his sword-hilt, the other behind his back. A very intimate friend of his who dared, on a wager, to lay a hand on his shoulder was severely snubbed. After Washington, many of the forms which he established were observed, though with ever-lessening rigidity, until Andrew Jackson swept them all away and opened his house to everybody. There was some excuse for Jackson. In those days there was a strong tendency in some parts of the country toward aristocracy. Moreover, transportation was difficult, slow, and expensive then, and even to Jackson's open house no great crowds came. Those who traveled to the Capitol to see the President usually had some motive stronger than curiosity. They may have come on politics; indeed, we know that much of it was low and trivial politics; but none came "just to see a live President," or "just to shake hands." So it was down to the Civil War. With that crisis, business of all kinds increased at the White House; the President had a great war and most difficult foreign relations to handle; he had politics and war politics, besides all the intense legislative activity consequent upon war. After that the business did not lessen; it increased, and the open-house policy of Jackson went on becoming more and more ridiculous, while the new railroads poured in such crowds as "Old Hickory" never dreamed of. General Grant's hand was shaken till it swelled. "He did not know how to shake hands," a Senator explained to me. "A President must learn to rush up, seize and grasp the other man's hand; he should never let the other man get the first grip and squeeze him." What an art for a President to have to learn!

"Invited to call the next day."

But it is not alone the President that suffers. Public business, the interests of the people, lose more by it than the man who happens to be at the head of the nation. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt can stand it; he can if anybody can. But as things are going now, one-third of his working day of ten hours is given mainly to business worse than trivial. It is an abuse of democratic privilege.

Moreover, this third of all his time is the best part of it, the morning stretch from 10 till 2; the rest is broken up by luncheon, dinner, and recreation.

There must be some remedy for the evil, and Washington is beginning to take the matter up seriously. A bill was introduced this session to provide a separate building for the executive officers and the President and his staff, which has increased from one secretary, two doormen, two furnace-keepers, and a watchman, to one secretary, two assistant secretaries, nine clerks, six messengers, five ushers regularly employed, and eleven clerks and six messengers loaned to the White House by departments. It keeps one man and four clerks busy handling social invitations. The mail amounts to 1,000 or 1,200 letters a day. The executive building would relieve the President and his family of the inconvenience and the indignity of living "over the shop"; it might spare them the visits of sight-seers; there would be more room for home and social functions and for business, too; and the President could get some fresh air and exercise passing between his house and office. The separation of the President's home from his office seems to be inevitable, but it will not entirely solve the problem. Much more remains to be done.

Senator Chandler suggests an assistant President, but that is coming gradually in the growing functions of the Secretary to the President. Formerly called the private secretary, this official has always had much of the President's work to do, and some of his power; but the personalities of some of the recent secretaries, especially John Hay and Daniel S. Lamont, have enlarged the scope and importance of the position, till now under Mr. Cortelyou we hear it spoken of as "tantamount to a seat in the Cabinet." Mr. Cortelyou certainly performs a vast amount of important and delicate service, so that he is more truly assistant to the President than a mere secretary. He has attacked the problem of an impossible amount of business for one man, and has reduced the mail that goes to Mr. Roosevelt personally to about one one-hundredth of the whole. A large part of it is forwarded to departments without executive acknowledgment or even a record being taken of its receipt. The secretary himself conducts most of the correspondence, and the older Congressmen will tell you that they would rather put their business into the hands of the deliberate, painstaking, tactful secretary than in those of the overworked and hurried President. The Congressmen who take their constituents or their cases to the President personally either are green, or they wish to shift the responsibility from their own upon broader shoulders. And it is the Congressmen's abuse of their privileged two hours a day that is the most hopeless feature of the situation. No secretary can shut them out. But they can be reduced to reason, and the way suggested is to forbid them to introduce constituents, except with consent; to require them when they call to approach the President only on political or State business, and then through the head of a department, and the meeting with the President shall be by special appointment on the day when all the papers of the case shall have been prepared and summarized by the secretary. As to citizens, no citizen should be admitted, except by appointment previously made by correspondence with the secretary. This would shift to the secretary a large part of the labor of the Presidency, and to heads of departments most of the small politics. It is this urgent and necessary reform to which Secretary Cortelyou is now giving his best endeavors.

The man to solve the whole problem, however, is the President; not any President, but President Roosevelt. The reform must be established by the will of a strong man who is truly democratic and not afraid of a fight. A President who was physically weak might be excused for closing his doors, but he could not thus set a binding precedent. The rule must be laid down by a man who may back it up by saying, "I can, but I won't stand it." And when the politicians cry out against him, and the statesmen slip out of the way of the blame; when the sightseers and bridal couples complain and the committees of merchants denounce, he must appeal to the many people with the great common interest against the vain and curious few. There is no doubt about the democracy of President Roosevelt; it lies as deep as his courage, and rises as high as his ambition; none would accuse him of exclusiveness or aristocratic leanings. If he should say that he needed time to study, think, and deliberately decide on public measures; that a week divided into two days for affairs of State, and four for politics and handshaking was not fair to him or to the people; if he should prefer the precedent of Washington over that of Jackson, it is likely that he would receive the popular support of American common sense.

"She was puzzled a moment. 'Could I see him under a saddle?'"

"THIRTY CENTS."

By Franklin Clarkin.

"YOU MAY SEND HIM . . ROUND TO ME TOMORROW"

As they led him down the runway of the Riding Club you would have thought him fitly named. "Is that what you call him—'Thirty Cents'?" The Girl asked, lifting a veil of great black dots, and taking him in point by point. I waited to hear her ask why; and when she did not, I felt, somehow, quite aggrieved, although, of course, his white stockings against the tanbark made a very definite outline, and the splint was plain. "I named him that in irony," I explained, and suddenly was invaded by a qualmish hope that The Girl would not want to buy him.

"His withers are rather sharp," she observed to the wizened old groom who had come with her. He gave a sidelong twist of his head and bent a look on me.

"All the better for carrying a side saddle," I suggested, compelled to stand up for a pony I had been so fond of; "but perhaps you——"

"Oh, no," she interrupted.

"One never can tell how young women do ride nowadays," I apologized, with, I fear, some native sharpness.

"One might use judgment," she retorted, pulling off a white glove and going up to Thirty Cents.

"Fourteen one and something," I volunteered, as she put her bare hand to his withers, palm down, and brought it on an even line to her chin and back again in measurement.

"And he plays polo?"

"Used to."

Only a woman would have asked the next question:

"Why do you want to sell him? He seems a dear."

"I don't."

She was caressing him under the nose-strap of his white leather head-stall, and he was curving his neck and embracing her with a gentle, comprehensive glance from one eye. There is always an allurement about a woman by a horse's head; it is the conjunction, I suppose, of two loves of a man's life.

"You don't?" She turned swiftly around, and the pony threw up his head, startled.

"Would you?" I asked back.

"You don't talk in a business-like way. He is for sale, isn't he?"

For reply I looked, disinterestedly, to my groom. "Are we going to sell Thirty Cents?" I inquired.

"I think so, sir; he don't play the game you want him to, sir."

"THE CONJUNCTION OF TWO LOVES OF A MANS LIFE."

To that I gave a sign as if everything had been left to Jim; for presently, no doubt, The Girl would be asking what price I held him at, and one hesitates to carry on with a young woman, of delightful person, such a conversation as that might serve to open.

She was puzzled a moment. "Could I see him under a saddle?" glancing from one to the other.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jim, leading the pony away.

"Good, springy walk," she remarked to her groom, who gave again that sidewise indeterminate nod.

Thirty Cents always walked spryly when headed for the stable.

"Is he suitable for me? I always prefer to buy from a gentleman, for I can take his word." She was drawing on her glove, and I noted how her long eyelashes shadowed her cheek.

"That is a difficult question," was my evasion. "No woman ever has been near him."

This seemed to touch her as interesting.

"He is kind, with the sweetest temper you can imagine." I already had begun to imagine another like his.

When he was led back again she went slowly to his head and met his eye. In a moment he pushed his white muzzle down to meet her caress, and lipped her sleeve confidently. She kissed him where the hairs turn in a chestnut-bordered star on his forehead, in an impulsive sort of way, and then patted him, and, much to my apprehension, rubbed her cheek against his satin nose. I read something of her character in this.

Jim, knowing Thirty Cents perfectly, worked him well around the ring. I never saw him show better, his neck bent and taking grace from a little pressure on the bridoon bit, his ears playing forward and back, now one and then the other, alertly, and his white feet lifting high.

"Good deal of action for a polo pony," the girl remarked.

"His sire had hackney blood; his mother was a wanderer of the plains," I returned, but with a growing feeling of meanness, for I knew he had kept certain wild habits inherited from that mother, herself a descendant of Barbs lapsed into barbarism.

"You call him safe, sound, and all right?"

"There is no warranty, except that he has four white feet and a white nose, and that I never expect to own a pony which I like so well." This last I said with so clear a sincerity that it had a distinct effect, and altered the distrustful expression in her eye, that expression which a buyer would wear toward a horse-trader.

"I never part with what I like," she responded in a softer tone, watching him change his gait to a gallop.

"A splendid trait," said I, following her up; "my great capacity is for renunciation." At the time I well knew that for a young man and young woman to begin to talk of their own characteristics was a tendency toward confidences.

She, too, no doubt, had a feeling that she had allowed something she had not meant to, for she took her elbow from the guard-rail where she had been leaning beside me and straightened.

"You may send him round to me to-morrow at ten, and I'll try him. This is the address. Thank you so much." That was all she said as she reached low and gathered up her skirts. Her groom shot a parting look at me, but I paid no attention.

"Jim," I remarked tentatively, when they

had gone, "I can't let that little beast hurt a woman."

"'All's fair in love and war,' sir," Jim replied, protestingly, in enviable fear of conscience; but I did not fancy his selection of an aphorism.

It had been clear to both of us, from experiences, that we could not dispose of Thirty Cents easily, because of apparent faults. I had given him to Jim so that he could make a little money for himself by the sale, for he needed the money badly at home, I knew —as grooms always do,—and he had lately broken his wrist for me handling a green two-year-old. Grooms, somehow, are always nearer to the heart than any of the others who help in one's daily routine of living. A feudal relic maybe.

That afternoon I went with my sister to hear Lilli Lehmann, and, as music always gives me opportunity to think, considered the matter thoroughly. Some day I might be riding in the Park, and, as I have before, come upon a poor, tumbled, broken heap in a habit. I could hear above the German cradle song from the singer, the clangor of the ambulance bell, and I could feel how my breath would catch as I thought: "Thirty Cents must have crossed his legs with her!"

Even should she, by getting rid of him in time, escape the peril of the untamed blood in him, I knew that I could never hope thereafter to meet her face to face. This was the final reflection, I fear, considerateness of the girl herself not overlooking so momentous a consequence.

Mehitabel (my sister) being without adequate engagements for her time, interests herself in music and pictures, and, being without other escort (though I find it constant cause for wonder that she has no lovers), I do by her a brother's bounden duty. So on the next afternoon, just as Twenty-third Street was fullest of the finest women in the world, I found myself with her in a large red gallery, softly carpeted, with men and women standing thickly in the center and facing all sides, like a British square. There were tremendous pictures on the wall—powerful evocations of scenes from a precious legend.

Now I very much doubt whether one person can know much horse and also anything adequate about art; so, when, almost immediately, I encountered The Girl, her presence there went to verify my suspicions of the day before. She was in black—a little, close, round crêpe hat, a dead black gown, and lynx furs. Perhaps I looked rather hard and surprised; she recognized me only in a similar way; but presently I saw her eyes travel to Mehitabel, and grow, all at once, bright and eager.

"Why, Mit!" she exclaimed, putting forward a hand from her muff; and Mehitabel, her gypsyish face flushing with delight, took it with that touch of wholeheartedness which I think adorable. The Girl said nothing, and of course I did not, as to a prior meeting. She made sly reference to it when she asked, in a moment, if Galahad were not well mounted; and following where she indicated I saw a figure in red, on a striking gray caparisoned in gold and crimson. It was the picture of the consecrated knight passing from the land to the ship which is to bear him to the Grail Island.

"Very well," I assented; "the floriated charger of tradition. Colleoni rides the mate to him in Venice—the only horseless city—on a pedestal in the Campo di San Zanzipolo."

People turned their heads, and Mehitabel gave me a repressive frown. There was a solemnity in the room. But I knew the old Christian story as well as they, and was defiant.

"Do you like grays?" I went on.

"The coat shows so badly on one's habit, don't you think? Have you seen this? Here is the 'Loathly Lady' on a pale mule."

"This type must have passed away."

"You mean——"

"Rabbit head, thoroughbred neck, hackney shoulder."

"You mustn't," protested Mehitabel; and The Girl smiled mischievously, though with that wondrous sedateness.

She seemed to have made up her mind that I could respond to but a single theme, and I allowed her to think so, though it did bore a little presently, and I kept to myself involuntarily the things that came across my fancy when she gazed so long and intently on the perfect knight's renunciation of his bride to pursue his virgin chase. Under the shaded light as she gazed The Girl's calm features took on a medieval gentleness, and her eyes shone with a slow, conceptive glow.

"We may have looked rather excited as we came alongside."

I closed her carriage door for her myself, and as she settled back, her smile of farewell to my sister changed to a kind of thoughtful, narrow-lidded scrutiny when I waited my own turn.

"You look as though I reminded you of some one long ago," I remarked, in slight chagrin, with the abrupt manner I never could correct.

"On the contrary; I was wondering why you say you don't want to sell that pony when you do," she answered quickly.

I said to Mehitabel, as The Girl's carriage pulled away: "Why does she wear black rosettes on her bridles?"

Mehitabel looked me over for a moment; then answered: "I'm not up in saddlery; but she is an orphan, you know. I'd lost trace of her since school-days till I read of the old general's death and the family's return to the city."

I stood looking down the street. Mehitabel inquired: "Are you going to watch her brougham out of sight?"

"It is not a brougham, Mehitabel," I answered cheerfully, "it's a growler, a London growler; she really must be something of a sport."

Next morning I went early to the stable in Fifty-sixth Street, where I kept a Park hack along with the pony Jim was trying to sell.

"I'll find you a purchaser for Thirty Cents," I told Jim, "but don't let that girl who was here yesterday get on him."

"She has him, sir, already. She sent her man for him this morning."

I stared at him, slow to think. "This morning? Hell! How long ago? Bring down Ragtime. Why, man, that little rascal is no lady's horse—he'll kill her!"

She would of course ride in the Park. So Ragtime and I worried vainly twice around the reservoir, first one way then the other, and twice around the loop. It was a rare, glistening morning, the grass, which winter here never quite discourages of life, wet with melting frost. On the freshly harrowed bridle-path there were but few marks, and it had been easy to recognize the small open hoof-prints of Thirty Cents by the one side-weighted shoe with which I was trying to level his gait. Where they turned we hotly followed, twice in growing alarm around the circle and twice around the loop, my imagination filling, but my heart yet hoping so long as I met no sign of disaster. Few accidents are more terrible to a man than those

which break and bloody a woman. At length, by McGown's Pass, I caught the twinkle of four white feet ahead.

Ragtime was wet, and flecks of foam from his bit dabbled his brown shoulders, so we may have looked rather excited as we came alongside. The Girl turned her head, and I saw that her clear pale face was touched with a dull flush from riding.

"Good-morning," she said, in quiet, indolent surprise, taking in, apparently, the flustered state of my horse and me. "I've had a fine gallop. I think he's great!"

"You're foolish to come out alone on a horse you don't know," I answered, pulling myself in.

"Well, but to have a man in livery following one all about at just such a distance seems so young maidenish!" She spoke with signs of the exhilaration her exercise had imparted. "One feels too safe and watched-over, and I knew—you told me—the pony was all right."

"I beg your pardon" (I could not keep a note of impatience from my voice); "I only warranted him to have four white feet and a white nose."

"I remember. Still, that's all the feet and nose I expected him to have."

"You are not talking in a business-like way," said I, recalling what she had said to me two mornings previous, and smiled at my advantage.

"I don't have to," she responded, amiably and unexpectedly. The speech did not suit my idea of her; yet I liked it, or, rather, the modification of her personality which it made. Never quick or witty, I dwelt upon this a moment without attempting any rejoinder, except an interested look at her, which may have shown her that I felt we had taken a step forward in intimacy.

She rode carelessly, yet with a lazy grace that was part of one's impression of her under various circumstances. Some loose tendrils of brown hair fluttered over her ear, and she put up her slim-fingered hand to confine them. It righted her figure and I noted how well-turned-out she was.

"Shall we trot?" she asked.

"No, walk," I said decidedly, drawing from her a sudden glance of objection, which led me to continue, conciliatingly: "That is no pony for you. I came out to fetch you home."

"You fetch me home! Isn't that——"

"A bit impertinent? I don't so regard it."

Expecting to see anger in her gray eyes, I was set wondering to find them instead, mild, and indeed pleased, half-shut in that measuring, observant way she had.

Then at once she gathered up her reins, and drove her spur into the pony's side. She drove it into my heart.

The pony jumped a good twenty feet, and the trajectory was anything but flat. When he struck she was still in her saddle. I had no thought except that Thirty Cents would rest there. Certainly he would if The Girl had not, perhaps involuntarily, pricked him again. At that the little beggar stretched down his head, lifted his back, and bucked—bucked insanely, frightfully.

"Keep his head high!" I shouted; but what is the use at a moment like that?

His nose was between his knees, and bowed double he was describing arcs in the air, bounding like a thing of springs.

"The little beggar stretched down his head, lifted his back, and bucked—bucked insanely, frightfully."

Still she clung. And when I hurried up, Ragtime's ears pointing forward with excitement, she had reached the extreme of endurance. In fancy I saw her already prone on the ground, a pitiful heap, and wondered if Thirty Cents would remember to clear her—it was all so distinct that for an unmeasurable fraction of time I saw The Girl's face, serene and perfect, under a falling iron hoof. . . .

Swinging out of the saddle I clutched the check-strap of her bridle, and gave the pony's head a mighty wrench upward. He acknowledged my heavy hand and stood immovable and spent, his eye and his drawn-in brush giving signs of the panic possessing him. My teeth gritting, and my scare condensing to a vehement rage, I, much as I loved him, would have struck a killing blow between his ears with the horn handle of my crop next moment if his rider had not cried out:

"Don't blame him, please."

There was a sternness toward herself in the tone, as toward a pride humiliated, if not humbled.

She was not much agitated beyond that.

"Shall I help you off?" I asked, feeling very sober.

"Certainly not—thank you," was her reply in that quiet, even voice that shows a mastery of spirit effective enough with horses, though not invariably, perhaps, with men.

She put first one hand and then the other to her hair which had tumbled, under her tilted derby, in a rakish sweep down upon one eyebrow.

The movement of carriages in the East Drive across the strip of green, grown with sparsely set birches, had stopped.

"These people," The Girl remarked, patting the pony's neck, "for whom we have made a moment's incident, are waiting to see what will happen next."

"Well, there must be no hitch in the sequence of events," I said, discerning a possible lead, and yet fearing myself perhaps too downright. Anyway, I must have spoken with undue seriousness, for she laughed very happily. "You ought, I suppose," I recovered myself, "to be disabled on the bank with a man's arm under you."

"True," the girl smiled, with a softened light in her gray eyes, changing at once to a cold disdain as she finished—"I don't doubt that they expected something tender!"

Only an inflection of the voice stood between me and my opportunity. What little things can alter the course of life! She pressed both hands high to her waist and slid them tightly down to her hips.

"Now I'm somewhat straightened out," she said, not glancing my way; "will you mount again?"

Fortunately (it seems to me now) the little obstacles which would cause a man of more imagination to turn aside, have ever had the contrary result with me. So I said, with mock concern:

"I hate to give anybody disappointment."

She was reaching for the reins. I held them towards her, and as she took them my hand closed over hers, giving me a strange thrill when I found that there came no resistance. I met a steady glance from her eyes, a glance that for an interval I had no sense of, diffused a mystic dazzle, or glamour, or whatever it is which glorifies the moment of a young man's discovery that he loves one woman supremely, and that she knows and responds.

The sun slanted into her eyes and gave them great shining depths; and at last she breathed a quick breath and looped the reins in her two hands as for hunting.

"It is all right, isn't it, if you don't disappoint me? We must go now, please," she protested. "There comes a policeman!"

Thirty Cents moved on, treading as if to some inspiring music within himself.

"By the way," the girl said, breaking the silence after a while—I thought that "by the way" delicious—"I am going to keep Thirty Cents."

There is a certain triumph in instilling in others a desire of possession regarding one's horse. "No doubt, you could break him," I answered, "but I've decided not to part with him."

We were galloping close together. "That is to say," I hastened to add, pulling up short, for she had suddenly brought the pony to a walk, "you must take us both!"

This made her laugh joyously. She looked me over from my puttees up. "I might even do that," she agreed finally. "Suppose you come to see me to-morrow afternoon at four and discuss details?"

I didn't burden Jim with these.

A Legend of Service

By Henry van Dyke

IT pleased the Lord of Angels (praise His name!)
To hear, one day, report from those who came
With pitying sorrow, or exultant joy,
To tell of earthly tasks in His employ:
For some were sorry when they saw how slow
The stream of heavenly love on earth must flow;
And some were glad because their eyes had seen,
Along its banks, fresh flowers and living green.

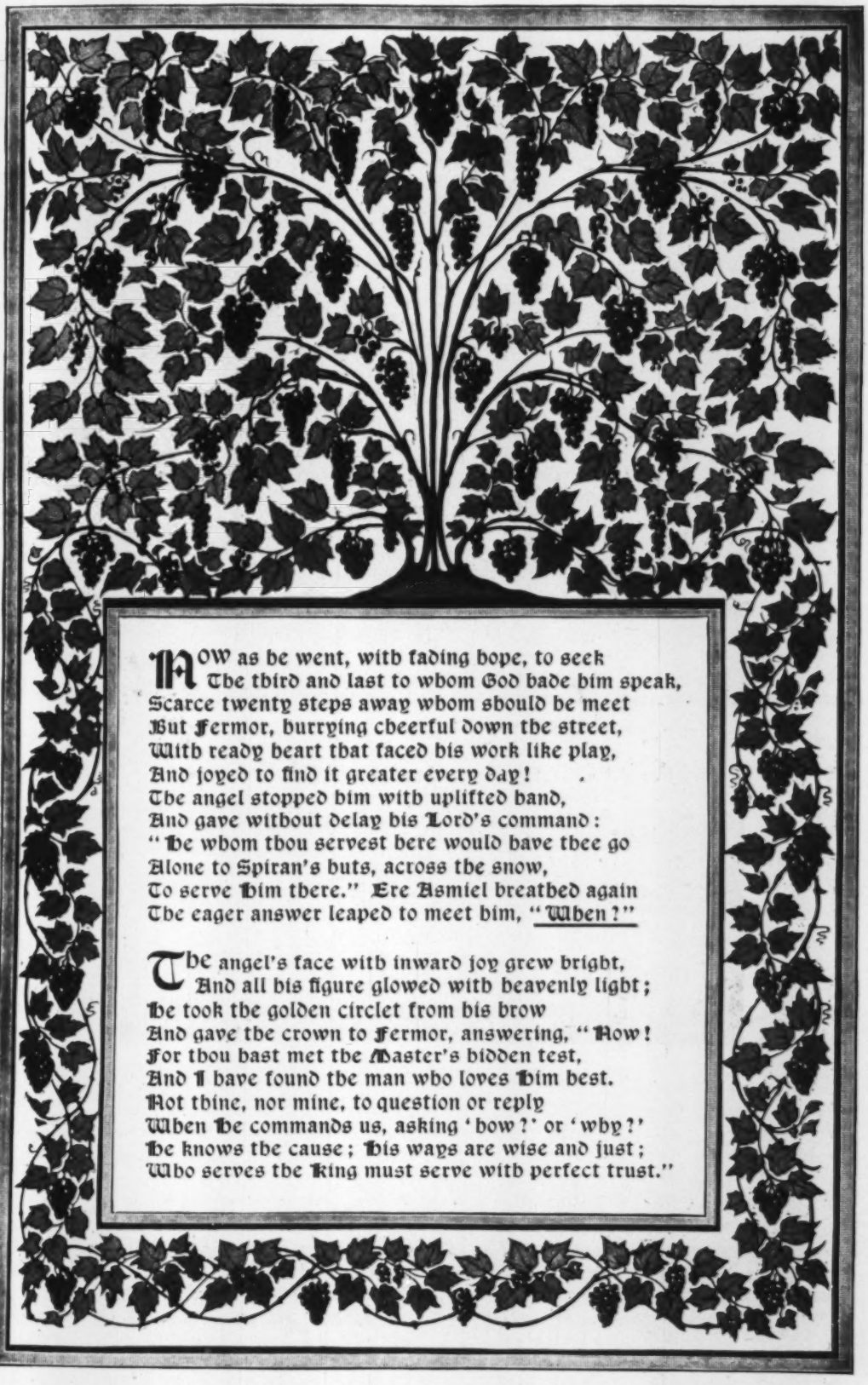
So, at a certain hour, before the throne
The youngest angel, Asmiel, stood alone;
Nor glad, nor sad, but full of earnest thought,
And thus his tidings to the Master brought:
"Lord, in the city Lupon I have found
Three servants of thy holy name, renowned
Above their fellows. One is very wise,
With thoughts that ever range above the skies;
And one is gifted with the golden speech
That makes men glad to hear when he will teach;
And one, with no rare gift or grace endued,
Has won the people's love by doing good.
With three such saints Lupon is trebly blest;
But, Lord, I fain would know, which loves Thee best?"

Then spake the Lord of Angels, to whose look
The hearts of all are like an open book:
"In every soul the secret thought I read,
And well I know who loves me best indeed.
But every life has pages vacant still,
Whereon a man may write the thing he will;
Therefore I read in silence, day by day,
And wait for hearts untaught to learn my way.
But thou shalt go to Lupon, to the three
Who serve me there, and take this word from me:
Tell each of them his Master bids him go
Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow;
There he shall find a certain task for me,
But what, I do not tell to them nor thee.
Give thou the message, make my word the test,
And crown for me the one who answers best."

Silent the angel stood, with folded hands,
To take the imprint of his Lord's commands;
Then drew one breath, obedient and elate,
And passed, the self-same hour, through Lupon's gate.

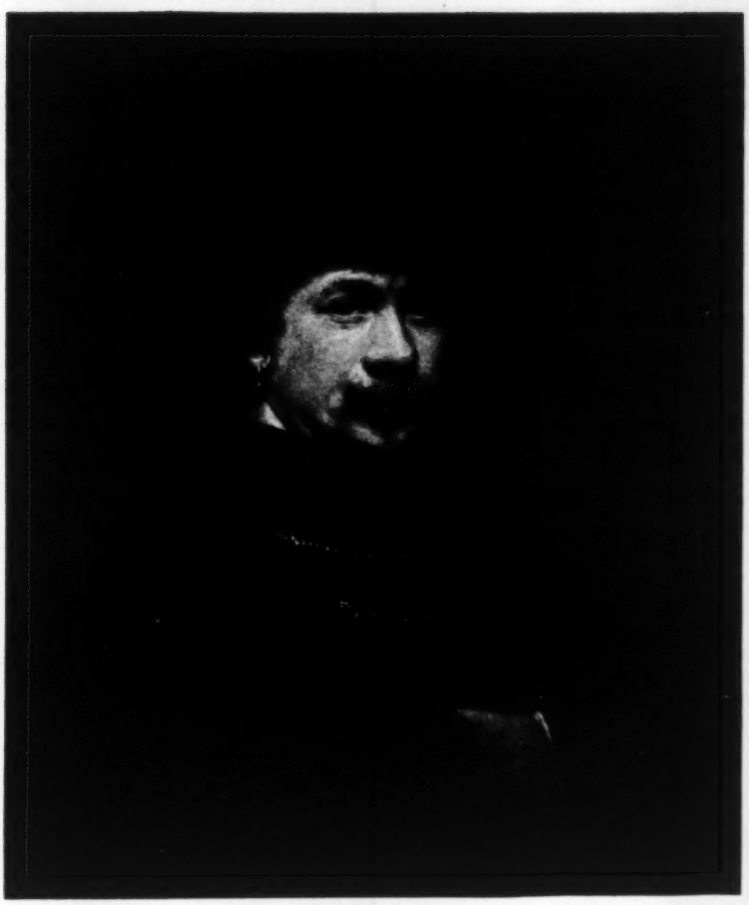
First to the Temple door he made his way,
And there, because it was an holy-day,
He saw the folk by thousands thronging, stirred
By ardent thirst to hear the preacher's word.
Then, while the echoes murmured Bernol's name,
Through aisles that hushed behind him, Bernol came;
Strung to the keenest pitch of conscious might,
With lips prepared and firm, and eyes alight.
One moment at the pulpit steps he knelt
In silent prayer, and on his shoulder felt
The angel's hand:—"The Master bids thee go
Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
To serve Him there." Then Bernol's hidden face
Went white as death, and for about the space
Of ten slow heart-beats there was no reply;
Till Bernol looked around and whispered, "Why?"
But answer to his question came there none;
The angel sighed, and with a sigh was gone.

Within the humble house where Malvin spent
His studious years, on holy things intent,
Sweet stillness reigned; and there the angel found
The saintly sage immersed in thought profound,
Weaving with patient toil and willing care
A web of wisdom, wonderful and fair:
A seamless robe for Truth's great bridal meet,
And needing but one thread to be complete.
Then Asmiel touched his hand, and broke the thread
Of fine-spun thought, and very gently said,
"The One of whom thou thinkest bids thee go
Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
To serve Him there." With sorrow and surprise
Malvin looked up, reluctance in his eyes.
The broken thought, the strangeness of the call,
The perilous passage of the mountain-wall,
The solitary journey, and the length
Of ways unknown, too great for his frail strength,
Appalled him. With a doubtful brow
He scanned the doubtful task, and muttered "How?"
But Asmiel answered, as he turned to go,
With cold, disheartened voice, "I do not know."



Now as he went, with fading hope, to seek
The third and last to whom God bade him speak,
Scarce twenty steps away whom should he meet
But Fermor, hurrying cheerful down the street,
With ready heart that faced his work like play,
And joyed to find it greater every day!
The angel stopped him with uplifted hand,
And gave without delay his Lord's command:
"He whom thou servest here would have thee go
Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
To serve Him there." Ere Asmiel breathed again
The eager answer leaped to meet him, "When?"

The angel's face with inward joy grew bright,
And all his figure glowed with heavenly light;
He took the golden circlet from his brow
And gave the crown to Fermor, answering, "Now!
For thou hast met the Master's hidden test,
And I have found the man who loves Him best.
Not thine, nor mine, to question or reply
When He commands us, asking 'how?' or 'why?'
He knows the cause; His ways are wise and just;
Who serves the King must serve with perfect trust."



DETAIL FROM THE ANATOMY LESSÓN (1632).

IMPERIAL MUSEUM, THE HAGUE.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

REMBRANDT.

By John La Farge,

Author of "Michelangelo," "Raphael," etc.

WE have seen the divine Raphael pass through life as if on wings, serenely beautiful, untouched by the great sorrows of the world, helped all along by kindness and applause. So we have seen Michelangelo an example of life full of sadness within a glory that accompanied him from youth to extreme old age. With him another of the great artists, Rembrandt—the only one to be placed by him, perhaps—has some connection of deep feeling, of an interior life revealed only by his work, of an extraordinary aptitude and application as a workman, and of struggle against adverse fates. But while Michelangelo began and ended his long life in full recognition of his preëminence, leaving name and fortune to a family, Rembrandt, beginning in fair repute, continuing in deserved reputation, ends obscurely, less and less appreciated, misunderstood, disappearing in a shadow like that which envelopes the mystery of his paintings. This darkness closes upon him and his story, so as to make him a subject of confused anecdotes, of misapprehended statements. And, indeed, even during the success of his life, the man himself is hidden. Of what he really was we can know but little except through his paintings, his etchings, his drawings. His extreme absorption in work, which during his good days was a happiness and during his bad days a relief, separated him as a great worker, little known to the men of his day, in such a way, at least, as we might have fairly expected. Now, at length, we know all the ordinary facts of his life, the legends have melted away, and we can follow year by year the quiet accomplishments of his

enormous tasks. Whatever of make-believe romance has faded, the real Rembrandt is still a poetic character from the very simplicity of his life and the feelings we have of an interior one that fills his work and is only known thereby. His fame has increased year by year to such an extent that he represents in the story of the world a great part of the value of that native land which did not understand him. No one who has been to Holland but has felt the importance of his name, and his memory pervades the cities in which he somewhat obscurely worked.

Rembrandt was born at Leyden, by a branch of the Rhine whose name his father had taken, and from which he gets his full name of Rembrandt Van Rijn. His father's name was Harmen, hence his other name of Harmensz; that is to say, Rembrandt, the son of Harmen of the Rhine. This was in 1606. He was one of six children in a family of burghers of moderate wealth and the owners of a mill which has played some part in the legends of Rembrandt's youth. It used to be said, and there may be something in it, that his pleasure in light and shadow, by which we know him most, began with his watching the sunlight fall into the gloom of the old mill.

He was enrolled as a boy among the students of Latin literature at the then illustrious university; probably for some acquirement of learning, certainly for exemptions from taxation belonging to the members. The professors are still famous to this day for law, literature, and theology. Among

PORTRAIT OF SASKIA (1633).

PENCIL DRAWING.

Berlin Print Room.

them are Scaliger, Lipsius, Vossius, and that Arminius whose name remains for us in the story of the Calvinistic struggle. The printing-presses of Leyden were celebrated, and their fame remains. Leyden was, therefore, a city of intellectual and liberal culture, and it had also some masterpieces of earlier art. When the boy began to show in the usual way his predilection for art, and was wisely allowed by the family to begin its study at fifteen, he found a teacher in an artist of standing there, now almost forgotten, Van Swanenburch. We are told that under this gentlemanly painter the boy so distinguished himself during his three years of apprenticeship, that his fellow-citizens were interested in him, that his parents agreed that he should go to a more important artistic center, and that he was sent to Amsterdam to study under Peter Lastman. Lastman's name or talent was not one from which to imagine the future Rembrandt to develop. He was an "Italianizer." So the men were called who, having studied in Italy, brought back, as we do today from Paris, certain academic tendencies and imitations. Always in the beginnings of national work the prejudice is in favor of some art ready-made which can be copied. Though Rembrandt returned to Leyden after a few months' study, he retained for some time, and perhaps through his entire life, certain smaller likings derived from this

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN (1641).
THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG.
From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS (1648).

THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

influence. He also absorbed the tendencies of the men about him ; certainly the Dutch fidelity to nature, the observation of light and shade as a manner of enforcing this, and most certainly that excellent workmanship which seems to us outsiders an integral part of the Dutch character. Painting as a profession, as a trade, was possessed in perfection by the Dutch painters. They may be bold, or they may be timid ; they may have nothing to say, or a great deal ; but their mechanical work is a delight to the painter and a lesson as to the importance of knowing one's trade. Therefore young Rembrandt had not to struggle against the difficulties of unlearning methods of mechanical work, and is not separated by his execution, even when most consummate, from the admirable scholastic qualities of the other men whom he overtopped by the simple fact that he was Rembrandt. Already by 1627 the "St. Paul in Prison," which is the work of a youth, dry and harsh, shows that something more which he was to express, and which to express fully he needed a more accomplished and more skillful technique. This power developed rapidly. The St. Paul has already the type of what Rembrandt is about to give us—the look of a portrait of a man actually known to the painter, represented with those incidents of ordinary life meant to convince us still more of the thing having really happened, of history being always the same ; even if, as often with him and other Dutch-

men, told in bad taste, and perhaps with some conventionality acquired from Italy or necessary to satisfy the habit of mind of the client. Thus the sword of St. Paul in the painting, which is a mere symbol in the church pictures, like the keys of St. Peter. But the look of St. Paul is of anxiety combined with thought; is that of a prisoner with a great story to tell. By 1628 we know that Rembrandt practised etching. He was learning to abbreviate details and to make complete studies outside of that element of color, which he was also studying in his paintings, relatively less successful. The first one we know of is that of his mother, whose portrait reappears, either painted or etched, for many years. He etches and draws and paints from himself, so that we follow his portraits through his entire life. As many as fifty, I believe, remain to us. No more simple way of studying nature could be followed by a man desirous to understand the mechanism of expression, the singular changes the human face can take, and the strange meanings given to it by light or shade, as this or that point of character flashes out or is hidden, and trifles become of importance to tell the story of character. We see the young Rembrandt, jolly and healthy, almost a boy; then thoughtful and reserved, or exuberant with success; then in full possession of himself, understanding what he is; then grave, feeling the weight of things; then saddened by misfortune, or smiling gently at keeping himself and his powers beyond the reach of fortune; or finally aged and broken, the mind and intellectual control contemplating the weary body. In these studies one follows also the peculiar turn of mind which separates him from most artists,

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

ETCHED IN 1648.

From a photograph by Berlin Photographic Co.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK (1649-53).

THE FAMOUS ETCHING KNOWN AS THE HUNDRED-GUILDER PRINT.

the anxiety to go still further in pursuit of every quality of workmanship or every manner of expression. He remains pleased, sometimes triumphant, but not satisfied. Before him open still greater possibilities of more comprehensive achievement, either greater force, or greater sweetness, or greater synthesis.

He seems to have been rapidly appreciated, to have been fairly paid, and so to have been taken to the greater center of Amsterdam as early as 1631. We know where he lived in Amsterdam, and the house he purchased later, where much of his great work was done, and the little house at the end of the Canal of the Roses where he passed his last days of hard work and relative poverty. At first all went well with him. He married a girl of fortune, of good family, Saskia Van Uilenburg. He drew from her, and he painted her many times. He may have painted her before his marriage; we have a sketch three days afterwards, as he has written on the margin. And he loved to place her in many attitudes, and in costumes more or less fantastic, as he had done and kept doing for himself. Never are these pictures sad or troubled. They represent a pleasant mind, perhaps a gay one, painted by a great mind, in youth and happiness, and the painter seems to have been happy. We see this in his portraits of himself and his friends. He paints and engraves and etches for many patrons and purchasers. All this work is successful, sometimes extraordinary in qualities of execution and vision of reality; but as yet that special mark which is to distinguish him later, that of a deep penetration of his subject, has not appeared. Nothing interrupts his constant production. At some moment, perhaps with the loss of the sunshine of Saskia, who dies quite young (1642), the expression of his work becomes more intense; but no personal distress—loss of loved ones, loss of friends, of money and reputation—appears to place any hindrance in the continual flow of his work. His sincerity of mind and love of nature show through all the earlier work; the portraits are splendid or accurate, and the sensation of what he sees is each time fairly and independently represented; his mind sees further and further the make and quality of what he looks at. The singular perception of the mind of the subject of his portrait or imagined figure belongs to a later period. The beggars whom he liked to draw, the Jews who served him as models, are at first merely shown from the outside. Little by little we feel in the representation of poverty and of pain a growing sympathy, which is to be the mark of the greater Rembrandt. His sketches and etchings, as well as his paintings, describe home life—his own or that of others—in all the details of domesticity, with more and more sympathy, as if he sought for the very type of the study of the home. The Mother and the Child pass more and more into a typical representation. Family affections are embodied more and more distinctly in the pictures or the etchings. He is slowly passing into the power of representing the ideal of the scriptures as existing in ordinary life. Perhaps the steadiness of home allows him to see more distinctly the meaning and value of unheroic life; of the life of any one, rich or poor; of ordinary happiness or misfortune. His relations with the Jews—the degraded, the poor, the wealthy, and the intellectual—connect with his wish to use the Bible as the subject for these intuitions, and the sense of pity for man becomes more apparent. The fashion of his day allowed for such representations. No longer the great church paintings, meant to teach doctrine or to adorn a splendid worship, could be used as the method of expression of a painter's feelings. In Holland, influenced by the Reformation, all, whether Catholic or Protestant, had dropped the ancient forms. But the Bible remained as a human inspiration, and any allusion to its study was easily understood. Upon these themes Rembrandt worked, bringing the events of a far-back epoch into dreams of ordinary life. All his study of the ordinary sights of life, all his fondness for realistic copying, helped now to give a true form to what he pictured, and to himself and to us the effect of a thing actually seen; of a picture, not composed, but revealed at one blow, as if before the artist a curtain had risen and fallen. Whatever of convention he used, he tried to bring back to a knowledge of the Orient, with which he was well acquainted, as we know from his drawings made for himself. The costumes of the Jews whom he saw about him he modified by that acquired information. To us to-day, with a greater knowledge of the East as it is, these details are sometimes in the way. At his day they may have served the same purpose as our accuracies of the present, or the accuracies of various epochs which are always transient.

We have said that we know of his uneventful life nothing but the actual documentary facts that belong to every one—who his parents were; that he studied; that he painted; that he married; that he had a

child; that his wife died; that he was successful, and had pupils, and was apparently in an assured position as an artist; that he collected works of art which he studied assiduously; that he accumulated also those masses of rubbish upon which painters depend for details and for encouragement of their belief in the reality of what they do; and we have, by great luck, of all these a full catalogue, because they were sold by his creditors. We know that all this collection, worth great sums before and after that day, went for nothing, along with his paintings and his drawings, and the very linen put out to wash; that the great war in which Holland was entangled had ruined him, with many others, by lowering all values suddenly, and stopping the purchase of such luxuries as paintings; that he withdrew from his house, sold over his head, to small quarters and poor lodgings; that his son, now growing up, and a trusted servant protected him in adversity by some legal arrangement through which they employed him; that he became less known, though daily producing work which grew more and more important, and reached the highest grade of technical power known to the art of painting; that his son died; that he married again, and died obscurely in that house on the Canal of the Roses. All this is an ordinary story, such as has always happened, and is only of value because it happened to him, and that we hope to know him better by these small details; that is to say, that we may, perhaps, follow his course of development by the marks of exterior accidents; but there is no clue that way to the constant progress and affirmation of power which follow him to the end. Misfortune or poverty seems to give still greater strength to his faculties and to his absorption in his profession. Only one thing can be traced—that the lessons of life enrich his mind and are part of his work. More and more does his sympathy go out to the feelings of others. More and more the tenderness of the Bible story—the human side of it, its perpetual lessons—is embodied in every drama that he paints or draws, in the very portraits that he paints. The men and women, whoever they may be—the artisan, the theologian, the nobleman, the professional man, the plain people or the wealthy—are looked at each as having a history behind him. Something of an individual soul, unlike any other individual spirit, with special experience, shines within his portraits of imagined faces in a way that no one before or after him has attained, or even, perhaps, has dreamed of attaining. Each and all of these portraits are, as it were, historic. They are important, even if we have no idea of what they represent; and, indeed, it is in those cases that this individuality of previous existence appeals to us most strongly. They are the nearest approach ever made to actual being, and perhaps exist more powerfully in the pictures than our unperceptive eyes could make out had we the real men and women before us. Before his great portraits the refined crowd gazing upon them in the galleries seems tamer and less valuable. They are the common people, and Rembrandt's paintings of any ordinary acquaintance are the elect and the wonderful. Within what antiquity called the *person*—that is to say, the part we play in life—appears the enormous value of the human soul. Something like this we feel before all great portraits, even when not painted with the multitude of details or the easy synthesis of Rembrandt. Something like this we feel in Raphael's portraits, even if they belong to methods of painting early and tentative. Something like this with Velasquez, but reversely from Rembrandt. He goes no further than what is sufficient to express a character and to express a position in life, seeing what a gentleman may see without pretending to judge or fathom. Of course, in the continuous work of Rembrandt as a mere workman following his trade of painting to live by it, there are pieces which are necessarily the task of the day, carried out beautifully, but wherein the mind of the workman was tired. Even then these are masterpieces of some side of the painter's art. Nor would it have been within the habit of his nation to throw away a work always honestly made as work; and it may be worth our while today to notice that these very great artists are primarily workmen, without any pose or assumption of doing more than a daily task. They seem almost devoid of ambition. Their work is sufficient for them. The great applause of a contest with others appears alien to the integrity of the mind looking only at its own existence. I have spoken of the portraits, not only because they are famous and wonderful and well known, and we can appreciate them according to the gradations of our perceptions, but because that study of the actual fact seen, that we call realism, is the foundation upon which Rembrandt stood when he invented the probable appearance of things he had not seen, but which his mind wished to appear before

him; and it is from this basis of enormous observation that he passes to the expression of feeling in his imaginary paintings or etchings. "Christ Healing the Sick," the famous etching known as the Hundred-Guilder Print, tells the story in the nearest approach ever made to a realization of its importance. A description of it might make it appear too much to be the accumulation of facts. Others than Rembrandt might have thought of similar necessary details, but who could have brought them together so that one is inseparable from the other? All the resources of what we call art—that is to say, the arrangement of lines and spaces, the divisions of light and shade, the insisting on certain points and the elision of others—are there, but so covered up that all seems accidental. But the real picture as it happened in its day would have been more accidental, and its meaning less visible. Who can forget the expression of the Christ, the manner in which he welcomes with blessing the embarrassed mother bringing up her unconscious child at the same time that He is aware of the objection and interference of the disciples unwilling to have Him troubled? His extended hand welcomes the misery addressing him, and gently, with the same movement, puts aside the too great officiousness of Peter. All around Him are grouped the supplicants—the paralytic faintly stretching out a helpless hand; a daughter in expectant prayer; the leper in agony of hope; the disabled, patient cripple; the impotent, blind old man, led by his aged wife; the friends and relatives timidly recommending their charges—the gay child, in perfect health, looking at it all as a piece of play; and on the other side, in the full light of reason, the wise men and the Pharisees, watching with some curiosity and some interest this curious performance, while the apostles gaze steadily, in full belief, one of them half turning to argue, as if accustomed to such remonstrance; while the elegant young man of fine sensibility looks on with sympathy, yet annoyed at the coarseness and ill-flavor of the miserable crowd. In this etching we see the most splendid use of that great engine of representation and expression in art, of which Rembrandt is the great exponent, which he has made so completely his that we know him mostly through

THE SYNDICATE OF THE DRAPERS' GUILD (1661)

RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

it. It is what the language of the studios calls "chiaroscuro"; that is to say, if we can define so complex a thing, the manner in which what we see merges from shade into light or retreats within the shadows. It has always been felt by painters and by all it as a form of sentiment; in Leonardo, who studied it as science; even in the arrangement of Michelangelo's "Last Judgment"; in Rubens, who used it for the distribution of his story; and its secrets were being studied by the Dutchmen around Rembrandt. Rem-

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT'S BROTHER.

A RECENT ACQUISITION OF THE BERLIN MUSEUM.

From a photogravure by Berlin Photographic Co.

the sculptors who are complete. We like to see the form made more distinct by the indistinctness of a part. It marks the beauty of those times of the day where part of what we see passes into indistinct air, bringing out all the more into relief what is strongly lit. A struggle to express this can be seen in the Italian paintings, let us say of the Venetians or of Correggio, who used brandt has insisted so much upon this, has made it so much a means of telling his story, has so used it to make certain things important and others relative, and to impart the mystery of the half seen to what he wished to be felt and understood, but which might distract the eye from what he wished it to see in perfect clearness, that this method of enlisting our interest and increasing our

belief in what he shows us seems to belong particularly to him. He has used it for all purposes, from the mere embellishment of an ordinary representation to the suggestion of sentiment or the vision of the supernatural. See how the light trembles around the mystic formula which appears at the call of Dr. Faustus, held up by guessed-at hands. See how, above it, the calm, steady light of the big library window tells us how quiet the place was before the incantation. That is the story of the light. It is not necessary that it should contain, as it does, the initials that represent the name of the Saviour. Or, again, in the picture of "The Good Samaritan," painted at a time when he must have wished for help (1648), behold the story of the falling shadows; for it is almost night, and in a moment, as soon as the kindly preserver has reached the door above the steps, the wounded, pitiful wayfarer will be safe and cared for. The painting is full of details of observation which many a painter would not dare to drown in shade as Rembrandt has done—the dreamy landscape; the quiet inn yard, with its stabled horses; the tired beast, that has carried the burden; and the boy at the reins, who looks over to see how ill this man may be; the accuracy in rendering the different strength of the man and the boy carrying in the wounded—all these homely observations are but a background for the few things that we see distinctly. The wounded man is the portrait forever of a helpless sufferer. Out of the gloom appears his face, his eyes half closed, one brow lifted, and his lips opened with a tired groan half of relief and half of pain. His chest sinks in, his body drops, and his naked legs turn one around the other. One feels how much he feels himself what a trouble he is to those who help him. Of the actual painting all has been said in praise; but one cannot exaggerate the interest with which every detail is followed, not one trifle more than is necessary, but fully made out where necessary, and all rendered with a sincerity which has not the slightest sign of cleverness. All through Rembrandt's work, and it is his mark, except in the work of the mere boy pleased with his success, there is no sign that the painter knew how wonderfully he had succeeded. Not even later, when he has gained at length, just before the end, that complete connection of all his faculties for which he struggled through a lifetime.

Or, again, around the head of the Christ at Emmaus as he breaks bread and the disciples recognize him, the light in the dark room has a something of phosphorescence, of a tone and color which belong to that face of the dead man risen after having suffered, and whose hands break bread slowly, as if to give time to the astonished disciples to realize who is with them. As I said, all this telling of a story by light and shade presupposes below its sentiment and romance and mystery the solid foundation of profound attention to form and gesture. Drawing for its own sake, color for its own sake, do not exist for Rembrandt. They are all so fused together that in such a picture as that just mentioned the execution is so simple and yet so involved that no one would dare to think of the possibility of copying it.

And yet for many there has been a great desire to imitate him in some obvious ways, and his pupils were many, who had his help and occasionally glided into the manner of the master. We do not know what he taught. It must have been of extraordinary importance, for it involves all that there is in the art of painting. He might have shown them the secrets of his earlier work, which is more connected with the work of the Dutchmen around them. He was careful, apparently, of their individuality, and taught them separately; though also they must have helped him, as was the fashion of all in those days. They did, even in his etchings, the method of which is more personal than can be that of painting, because there are fewer steps between the beginning and the end; while painting, which is made up of surfaces covered one by the other, may allow indefinite amount of work, well directed by one man, to be covered completely by the last veilings and touches, which are really the painting that we see. Why did he change as he went along? Why was he not suited with his manner when he painted "The Lesson on Anatomy," where Dr. Tulp addresses the regents or inspectors of the hospital? Surely this masterpiece of his early days (for he was only twenty years old) is a work sufficiently perfect and complete. We recognize that his great characteristic is the anxiety to express still more in the same direction. The painter of *appearances* had early attained a power of formulation sufficient for a great place in art. Apparently the student and worker kept on observing the infinite modifications of nature. These studies were accompanied by the experiences of life. To express that succession of experience and feeling, which was himself, some more intimate, more delicate, more powerful means were necessary than what might do to paint

a handsome face, or brilliant eyes, or the velvets and satins which make, for instance, the portraits of Burgomaster Van Beeresteyn and his wife (owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer) so delicious to the eye, so sincere and honest in the rendering of the things seen.

As time went on he risked the changing of his manner, endangering sometimes the beauty of certain details. He had for his use only his past habits—his own and those of his school—for he differs only from them by being what we call Rembrandt. He had about him common models, or, at the best, people whose forms were not heroic. The habits about him were vulgar where they were not plain and orderly. The costumes were sober, or, if rich, were eccentric. He had little of what is called exquisite taste, nor did he differ in that from those about him. He seems to have admired it in the men of the past, but to have had a perfect wisdom which prevented his gathering what he could not fully use, what he could not test by the life of every day. What is bad taste in him belongs to others around him. What is distinct and beautiful is apparently his alone. For the building of the great structure of the painter, the planes and directions of planes, the intersection of lines, what is called the interior structure, his abundant etchings and drawings must have made him master. Even in the paintings occasionally, in the obscurity of corners, he resorts to those abbreviations which his etchings and drawings show, a manner of starting only a few points which the mind fills in. I remember in a painting of "The Christ at Emmaus" which is at Copenhagen, and which I copied in my youth, trying to follow, touch by touch, a great dog lost in the shade, appearing occasionally to the eye as if a little more light might make him more distinct; and this beast was made only of five or six touches of definite space and color, being in paint what the few scratchings of his etchings suggest to us in black and white. Perhaps, after all, the etchings and drawings tell us more about himself, about his completeness of study, his intensity of perception, and the extraordinary sympathy and feeling which separate him from all other artists. There he could—for he was Rembrandt—throw away the greater part of his armor of art. Perhaps in the drawings in which he worked entirely for himself, we see still more intimately the mind of the master. But they are so subtle, they appeal to such a perception of nature, such a sympathy with the expression of the soul, that they require in the mind that looks at them a sympathy that all cannot give. At my age and after long experience I can say so. As a younger man I only guessed at it. With the great public and for us of the profession, the famous picture, painted seven years before his death, known as "The Syndicate of the Drapers' Guild," represents, perhaps, the result of all his work as a mere painter. In it he is young again, notwithstanding his approaching age; but all that he has learned, his thoughts during life, have helped him make it. All the more do we feel this, because this one picture brings in nothing but portraits, all separate and individual, but so connected that one sees them at a blow. There is no apparent arrangement, as in "The Lesson on Anatomy." They are doing nothing in particular more than what would take them around a table to listen to the reading of accounts, and yet the appearance of importance of a number of men chosen for a purpose of decision has never before or afterwards been so well expressed. They almost speak, but do not open their lips. They are not posed. They are there. The slightest change, and they would be sitting for their portraits, but they are not. They have, as it were, been surprised by somebody's opening the door, by some paper brought to them, and one sees what they have been doing before, and what they will return to. The painting as mere painting is as wonderful as that of the most beautiful surfaces ever covered by the brush. Rembrandt has joined here to deep appreciation of character that observation of life as it looks, which was the aim of his art; that is, of the artist in the man. The man himself, as I have said, apart from a few paintings, is better seen through the etchings or the drawings. They have all the superiority that belongs to the dependence on few things and a careful selection in those. Not that they are separated from his pictures in any way, nor can we disentangle them. But we see in them his predilections and the external things on which he bases his dreams. For, after all, it is as the great dreamer that Rembrandt stands almost alone, unless we choose to think of him with such other dreamers as Michelangelo or Shakespeare. He remains the great exponent of the pity and tenderness of Bible story, of its being of all times and a synopsis of all human life; and he remains, as well, the master of many realities, the poet of the mystery of light, and the painter of the individual human soul.

INTRODUCING THACHER

Edwin Oviatt

TEN years ago the Rush was a thing to be remembered. You were herded by the Seniors with a lot of other fellows who had just arrived in New Haven, and marched like sheep at night to the Hopkins Grammar School Lot, where you saw another crowd of men with torches. These you were told were the Sophomores, whom you were to punish. A low rail fence separated the Lot from High Street; this you "took" and hung on to. If, with 300 of your fellows, you got through the evening without dislocating at least one bone, you did not think that you had enjoyed the occasion.

But the Faculty stopped all that a half-dozen years ago, and the Rush to-day is much less barbarous than it used to be. But then it is less interesting.

Most of the Freshmen who come to Yale, and there are several hundreds of them, arrive in town at least three days before college opens. This gives them a chance to become acquainted with one another, and to learn early in the term some of the things that it might be inconvenient to have to learn later. There is, for instance, an innocent-looking fence, running around the north end of the campus, with a firm round rail on top, and initials cut in big jagged marks all over it. It is wisest to acquaint one's self as early as possible with the fact that this is not Freshman property. There are other things also that one learns sooner or later in the course of the first month at Yale, which it would be useless to narrate here, as advice is always superfluous.

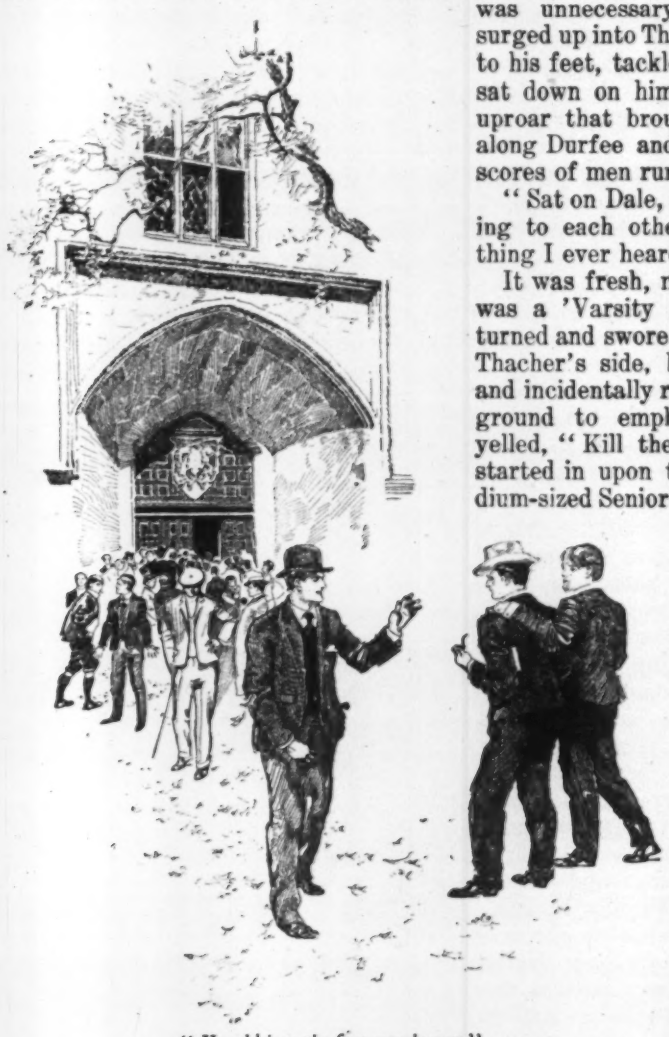
Thacher, "Nineteen Hundred and ——," was a big fellow, with an intelligent face, 202 pounds of well-distributed weight, and a smile. When he came to New Haven from some out-of-the-way town in Ohio, the first thing that he did was to find an eating-place, where he struck a bargain with an astonished landlady for roast beef three times a day, and a quart and a half of milk for supper. Then he took three final exams, and rushed Greek History so hard that he had to tell somebody about it. As he knew no one, he told it to the first men he met. These happened to be Atkinson and Phillips, who came from St. James together, and regarded themselves as "the leading element in the class." They looked on Thacher with high-bred suspicion. They thought him "fresh." They also made him feel these things when they left him. They were good fellows, in their way, but all superior beings are heartless, and the impression they left on Thacher produced a lonesomeness that cut like a pain.

Most men who come to a big college from a small town have this to meet as the first of their Freshman trials. Thacher wanted to be liked—he had a capacity for it—and

"Struck a bargain with an astonished landlady

he told himself that if he could do something that was worth doing, he might make the acquaintance of these men and be introduced in the class. He envied the fellows he saw walking arms-over-shoulders along the campus. Then he met Elkins, a small person with a turned-up nose, whom he had seen in Greek History, and in a feeling of friendliness that all these things had brought out, asked him to sit on the Fence. Elkins came from a big preparatory school, and knew Atkinson and Phillips and a lot of other men, but he was little, and admired bigness; he liked the clear, pleasant eyes and firm mouth of the Westerner, and rather understood, in a way, how he felt.

There were groups of men with pipes in their mouths, and eyeglasses on their noses, on the Senior Fence, and more men with class numerals on their caps on the Junior Fence, and a crowd of fellows on Durfee steps, while a noisy, surging mob of Freshmen blocked the entrance to Alumni Hall, where examinations were going on. Somebody on the Junior Fence saw the two Freshmen, and grinned. Somebody on Durfee steps also saw them and whispered to the crowd.



"He told it to the first men he met."

Then something happened. A knot of eight or ten Sophomores, led by a broad-shouldered, square-jawed man with letters on his cap, walked over to the Sophomore Fence, and took little Elkins suddenly by the collar, arms, and legs, and precipitated him into the roadway. Thacher followed, though it took more men to do it. He landed hard, lost his hat, and tore his coatsleeve. When Elkins, bruised and frightened, started to rise, the big Sophomore caught him by the shoulder and threw him down again, which was unnecessary. Indignation and rage surged up into Thacher's throat. He jumped to his feet, tackled the big Sophomore, and sat down on him. Instantly there was an uproar that brought heads to windows all along Durfee and as far as Lawrance, and scores of men running from every direction.

"Sat on Dale, did he?" men were shouting to each other. "That's the freshest thing I ever heard of!"

It was fresh, no mistake about it. Dale was a 'Varsity guard. Dale twisted and turned and swore and jabbed his elbows into Thacher's side, but the Freshman sat on, and incidentally rubbed Dale's head into the ground to emphasize things. Somebody yelled, "Kill the Freshman!" and a rush started in upon the two men. Then a medium-sized Senior shoved his way quietly into the crowd, took Thacher by the collar, and yanked him to his feet.

"Now go and get your dinner, Freshman," he said.

Thacher obeyed, swallowing something that rose in his throat and nearly filled his eyes with tears. He felt disgraced for life. He didn't answer the hundred excited classmates who thronged around him, inquiring what the row was. It was just his luck to start his college course like that. Even when Elkins asked

" Thacher followed, though it took more men to do it."

him timidly whether he was hurt he didn't answer.

If it wasn't the freshest thing in six Freshman classes there was no record of anything fresher. That was the opinion all over college, and it produced a short pithy editorial in the " Daily News " that left no doubt as to the traditions of the Fence. Somebody, however, heard that Dale, who was a bully, though a corking guard, had said something to the Freshman that no man with self-respect will stand; and when that got abroad the fellows understood it, and the football captain said something to Dale that made that individual madder than ever, and that put an idea into his head. But of that presently.

THERE is only one thing to do, if you are a Freshman, when eight o'clock comes on the night before college opens, and you hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet in York Street, and the distant ringing melody of " Freshman wake! " and that is to grab your hat and start for the staircase.

Thacher did this, with 300 other Freshmen from as many entry ways and boarding-houses. On York Street you could see a confused black mass trailing off for blocks behind, upperclassmen in the lead with torches flaming, and then an inchoate straggling procession of the newcomers, with coats turned inside out, and no torches. There was a continuous roar along York Street of " Nineteen hundred and —— this way! "

Thacher and Elkins and Atkinson and 300 other Freshmen shouted " Yea-a-a! Nineteen hundred and ——! Yea-a-a! " without quite knowing what they were shouting for, except that that strange, new, thrilling, intoxicating " Nineteen hundred and ——! " was their own class name, and was to be yelled and shouted " Yea-a-a! " to to the end of life. That is class spirit.

Down York Street came the avalanche of men, and it now appeared that there was a band ahead, playing " Boola," though the only sign of this was the flash of the electric light or of the torches on an upraised trombone, or the occasional shrill note of the

cornet, above the singing, swinging roar of the crowd.

"Yea-a-a! Freshmen!" Some one in the van of the procession saw the new recruits. "Fall in, Freshmen!" The 600 torch-bearers swung by, singing with the band, each man waving his flaming stick, each man with his coat inside out, and hatless. Thacher shouldered his way into the mob, and was hustled by a Senior to a place in the front rank of the Freshman class, where he grabbed an arm on either side of him and fell into step.

"Yea-a-a!" This was great.

"Yea-a-a! Nineteen hundred and——!" It rolled up York Street like a tidal wave. Away ahead of him flamed the torches, ahead and behind him were countless undergraduates locking step and executing that singular curb-to-curb two step that is a peculiarity of Yale processions. People were sticking their heads out of windows; flags were being waved by young ladies from front doorsteps; old graduates mounted fences and smiled indulgently.

Some one was making a speech from the steps of Osborn Hall. The band was quiet, and a muffled "Sh-sh!" went through the crowd. Nobody heard what the orator was saying, but somebody who knew things told a man next to Thacher that it was the football captain. Then everbody tiptoed and had to be lifted up to see the face of the greatest man at Yale. He was a medium-sized fellow, with an athletic build and a business-like face, and he was saying things. All that Thacher heard was that the Freshmen ought to behave themselves and uphold the honor of their class, which seemed paradoxical. Then the men in front—they were Seniors—laughed and yelled, "Good speech! Bravo!" and the men in the back—they were Freshmen—yelled "Yea-a-a!" That was all they knew how to yell.

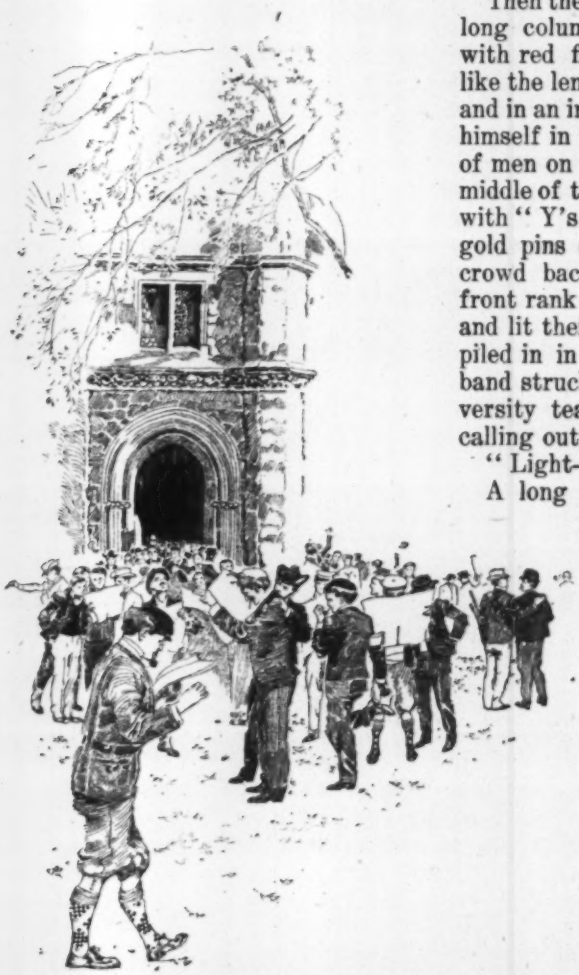
Then the band played, torches flared again, long columns of bare-headed dancing men with red fire and roman candles untwined like the lengths of a phosphorescent serpent, and in an incredibly short time Thacher found himself in the outer ring of a dense crowd of men on the Grammar School Lot. In the middle of this a number of well-dressed chaps with "Y's" on their sweaters or mysterious gold pins on their vests were pushing the crowd back with their torches, until the front rank sat down on the grass in a circle and lit their pipes, and the rest of the men piled in in rings at their backs. Then the band struck up and the captains of the university teams started the performance by calling out for the first candidates.

"Light-weight championship!"

A long young man with a cane got up from the ground and led the Sophomores in a class cheer. He was jeered and applauded, and sat down again.

"Shake 'em up, Freshmen!" yelled somebody.

"Long-cheer-for-Nineteen-hundred and——!" shouted a youth in a white flannel suit. He was a Senior, and waved a bulldog pipe. The "Brek-ek-ek-ek!" was lost, because the Freshmen didn't know it, but they came in strong on the "Whoorup! Whoorup! Hollabaloo! Yale! Yale! Yale! Rah! Rah! Rah! Nineteen hundred and——!" and received long applause.



". . . a short pithy editorial in the 'Daily News . . .'"

"Some one was making a speech from the steps of Osborn Hall."

Suddenly a small, wiry fellow, amid a roar of approval from the upperclassmen, sprang into the arena from the Sophomore side, and was stripped to the waist by his friends. It was Kellogg, the 'Varsity coxswain. He weighed ninety-six pounds.

"Freshman!" yelled everybody. At these events your class does not decide beforehand who is to go in, so long waits result.

Then there was a commotion in the Freshman ranks, and presently a stubby youth with short legs and a turned-up nose was projected feet foremost into the ring, where he picked himself up, expostulating. Somebody pulled off his coat and necktie, and in a minute he was being rubbed down by a Senior.

"Who is it? Eh? Elkins? Yea-a-a! Elkins!" This was from the Freshmen who knew him, and Thacher felt his heart pound as he saw his new acquaintance out there in the flaring light of the torches. Everybody closed in and bent over everybody else's back, and the band played, and the coachers put the two little men out in the ring and said, "Go ahead and win." It was a great experience for the Freshman class. An hour before and they had been a heterogeneous mass of 355

". . . led the Sophomores in a class cheer."

"He was a Senior, and waved a bulldog pipe."

individuals. Now they had in an instant become a compact, single-hearted body—a class. That is why the Rush is a good thing. Thacher dimly comprehended this as he looked out in the arena and saw that pink-skinned little fellow, with curly hair and a grim look on his chubby face, on whom the hopes of a new Yale class centered.

With the signal a great hush fell on the crowd, and then a sudden, knife-like cheer went up from the Sophomores. A half-dozen Seniors darted forward on their knees and then rose to their feet, knocking the ashes from their pipes.

"First throw for Sophomore," said the referee.

A stinging yell went up from the Sophomore ranks. Around Thacher the silence could be felt.

Again the men went from their corners, and in two minutes the upperclassman lay panting on his back, with the little Freshman hugging him tight about the waist.

"Freshman! Yea-a-a! Elkins!"

Over the dense mass of men stretched across the street to the fence in front of the monument yard rang a long, clear cheer with the Freshman's name at the end of it. Over in one corner the little Freshman sat panting on the knee of a tall Senior, who was patting him on the shoulder, while another Senior—joy of joys—a football man, was dragging a rough towel down his back. Thacher elbowed through and said, "Elkins, you win that next throw!" That was rather fresh for Thacher, and a Junior pushed him back, and told him to dry up and not make the Freshman nervous. Elkins smiled at all this. He felt shaky in the knees. Out there in the flaring torchlight the Sophomore was already taking his position.

"Great! You've got him, Elkins! Jab his knee! Sock him! Shove!"

"Freshman wins the throw and bout," said the referee.

Above the blaring band could be heard the great tumult of cheers from the Freshman class, that had just discovered themselves to be something. It was enough for Thacher to know that something had happened for his class to be proud of. It went over him like intoxication.

"Middle-weight championship!"

It took ten minutes for the Freshman class to find their man, and ten minutes more for the Sophomores. Some day they will cut all this out and have a program. Then Atherton, with self-possession written all over his aristocratic features, shook hands with a lanky, sinewy fellow from the Sophomore class, and the referees dropped to their knees. In three minutes you felt like groaning, if you happened to be a Freshman. In two minutes more, record time, you felt that your class was everlastingly disgraced. Atherton, with a white face and big tears trickling down over his grimy cheeks, sat by himself and sobbed.

"Take it out of him, Ath'," said Atkinson. "You can do him next time." The Freshman middle-weight stepped out for the second round. A man with a torch was shoving his way through the Freshman ranks. "Billy—Billy Strong!" he was calling. That was the name of a Freshman with a center-rush build, who had been picked for the heavy-weight championship.

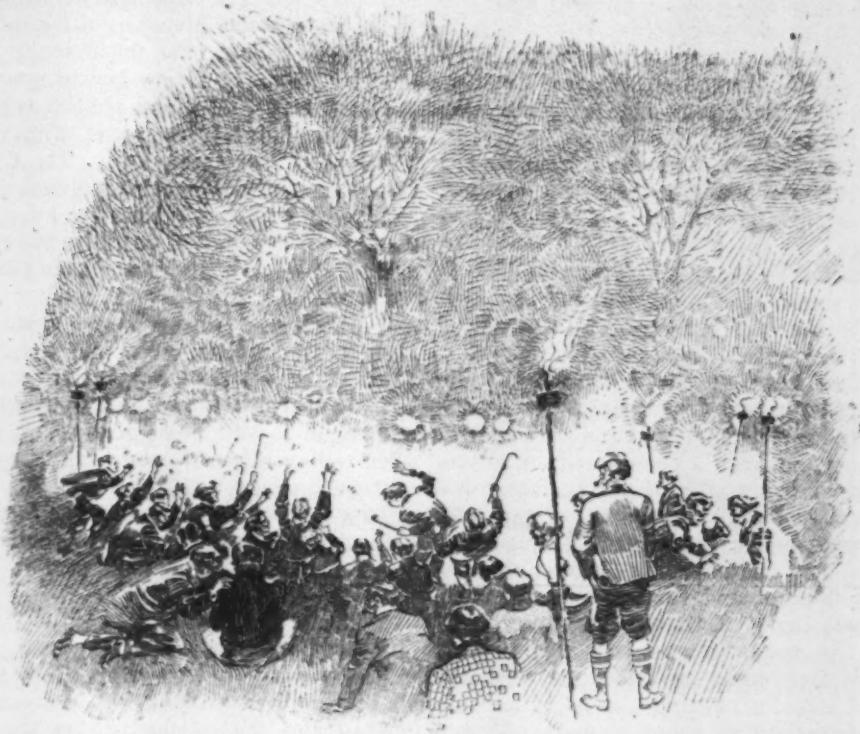
Thacher looked around with the rest. Billy Strong was not in sight. Moreover, he was not there, though he had promised. He had been withdrawn temporarily by a squad of Sophomores, and was even then languishing on the top floor of Durfee, where there are no gutters, with six men holding the door in the entry, and the far-off cheers of the Sophomores rolling up from the Grammar School Lot. But no one knew this except the whole Sophomore class, and they were not supposed to.

Out in the ring, over the heads of the crowd, Thacher could see the white bodies

of the wrestlers shoot up shoulder high and then sink again, while an ominous silence, broken only now and then by a short, sharp yell from one side or the other told how the struggle was progressing.

"Heavy-weight Freshman! Oh, somebody!" gasped a little Freshman, rushing along in front of the crowd. "We've just *got* to have somebody fix 'em!" The Sophomores heard this with jeers.

It was a situation that is always tragic.



"'*Freshman wins the throw and bout.*'"

Out there in the ring the second of three chances was slipping away from the Freshmen, and there was no heavy-weight in sight. There were hurried consultations all along the Freshman ranks. Several men were suggested, and the crowd yelled out their names each time with generous impartiality. Thacher, with his eyes glued on the two men in the ring, called out with the rest, "Oh, somebody!" He could have jumped into the Sound at that moment to help his class. He felt an arm on his shoulder with a grip like a vise.

"Here, you big Freshman, you're the man I want." He looked slowly down, and met the sturdy blue eyes of a man with glasses, who wore a white sweater and a blue cap with two oars crossed in the front-piece. He followed this man in a dazed sort of a way, and found himself in the midst of a group of calm, business-like-looking chaps, some of whom he recognized by their pictures in the papers.

"How much do you weigh?" said one of them.

"Two hundred pounds," said Thacher. The other men weighed a score of pounds less. He felt ashamed.

"Stripped?"

"Eh? I don't know."

Somebody grinned and was squelched.

"What's up?" said Thacher.

"You are, and mighty quick about it," said the Senior. "It's serious business now for your class. You're going in against the Sophomore heavy-weight."

"I!" said Thacher blankly. "I can't wrestle." He felt a big arm around his waist and a leg around his thigh. He went down heavily.

"Try it again," said the Senior grimly. "That's the simplest throw there is." He twisted his leg about Thacher's with the swiftness of a cat, but Thacher let out his big shoulder muscles that made him look almost deformed, and wouldn't budge, though he thought it was impolite to refuse a Senior

what he wanted. Then he shook him off as a dog does water.

"That's better," said the Senior. "Do that out there." Then he told him a few things. A shout went up from the other side of the ring with the Sophomore numerals at the end of it. Then a surging rush of men swung back from the center, the band played, and the inner row settled down again for the final and decisive bout. Men were shouting from all sides, with appealing, tearful shouts. Fellows who had started to go to their rooms began to push back into the ring again. Where the Freshman class stood there was excited talking. Over on the Sophomore side a big man was slowly peeling off his sweater.

Thacher, excited, throbbing, was pushed out through an opening in the bending bodies, into the ring, and at once a great shout went up.

"Thacher! Thacher! Thacher!"

Some men on the upperclass side laughed.

"It's the big Freshman that managed Dale," they said.

Thacher heard it and felt foolish. He wished they would forget that. It looked like silly Prep' School business to him now. Even then he hadn't understood its Freshness, which is a matter of perspective. His coat and vest were handed to a man with eye-glasses and a torch, and he felt somebody rubbing and pounding his big chest and back and arms, and bathing them in some soft, soothing stuff that made him glow all over. He wondered what they would say at home if they could see him now, with the football captain babying him as if he were some prize dog at a bench show. Then a tall, tired-looking fellow with a limp and a bruised eye came up and shook his hand. It was Atherton, and Thacher looked at him with pity. "It's up to you, Thacher, old boy," he was saying, almost with sobs. Thacher opened his eyes with a friendly sort of surprise. Atherton was a big man in the class.

"I'll do what I can," he said.

Over in the Sophomore camp something unusual was going on. The big man who had taken off his sweater was having some sort of a dispute with another man, who wore his coat turned inside out, and who had broad shoulders and a square jaw. Men were jamming around to hear what he was saying. The Seniors who were managing the affair apparently did not like his actions, for in a moment the crowd saw the new man push violently past them and jump into the ring.

Then everybody, like a flash, knew what it meant. It was Dale, and he was pulling off his shirt in a way that made everybody know what he was there for.

"Dale! Dale! Dale!" This from the Sophomore side.

Thacher felt his blood rise to his brain, hot and rushing, as he knew what was before him. It was this that Dale had waited for, hoped for, and for which he had planned the abduction of Billy Strong—to meet the Freshman Thacher, who had humiliated him at the Fence, and give him a lesson before the whole college, and incidentally square himself. The big fellow looked splendid as he stood erect, his broad shoulders squared in the torchlight, his great arm muscles standing out like whipcord. The dramatic tenseness of the moment impressed itself on the crowd, so that a great silence fell. Men strained every muscle to get a view of the arena. Seniors with numerals on their caps were rushing around and holding excited consultations. Thacher's coach, with short breath, was explaining to him ten defenses at once. A big Senior went over and spoke to Dale sharply; the referee went up to him and began to emphasize something, as if he were telling Elkins's bulldog to be quiet.

"Sat on Dale, did he? Well!"

Men took up this cry from the Sophomore side with exultation. The football captain was the only man who could stop it.

"Ready, Freshman?"

"Ready, Sophomore?"

"Go!"

The two big fellows dropped to all-fours like the tick of a clock. Men strained and pushed and shoved forward in the circle, while the men in the front row took their pipes from their mouths and leaned forward, rocking.

It is a beautiful sight to see two splendid youths stripped to their waists, pitted against one another, in such sport as this. Their pink skins look white in the torchlight, their firm muscles bulge, their broad backs bend to the struggle, their every move shows attention, alertness, keen-brained vigilance. Outside of the arena is a tense, throbbing multitude, among whom two classes breathe with the two noble fellows in the ring. The heart of an entire class is behind each one. It is one of the finest things in college life.

Suddenly those two crouching bodies shot forward like arrows, and clinched, swaying from side to side like a pendulum; their muscular backs swelling and bending sym-

metrically, their thick white muscles bulging like cables.

"'Well taken, Thacher!" called out the Senior with the eye-glasses. He was bending forward with his fingers on the ground.

"Good catch, Dale!"

Thacher's strength seemed to astonish the Sophomore, who had evidently expected an easy victory over the inexperienced Freshman. Every way he bent Thacher followed, now swiftly, now slowly, so that Dale's big arms strained with the attack. For three minutes they rocked back and forth, and then with a splendid thigh twist, that took every ounce of power in his big frame, Dale spun Thacher half around, and together the two men went to the ground, the Freshman under. A second later, and Dale had Thacher's shoulders squared heavily in the sod, while the referee sprang from the sidelines, blowing his whistle.

"'A fair throw,' said the referee breathlessly."

"Throw!" he said, feeling under Thacher's neck.

A wild yell of triumph rang from the Sophomore ranks, while the Freshmen groaned and were silent. A fellow in a sweater pulled Thacher to his feet, and hustled him to the sidelines, where he was rubbed vigorously and tied up in a blanket. Thacher felt dizzy. Somebody sponged off his face and neck, and the coach told him some excellent things in short, snappy sentences that stuck in his brain. Around him crowded his classmates, patting him on the back, encouraging him, telling him he would win. Little Elkins, and this was what Thacher remembered, put his stub-nose close to Thacher's, and told him to go in and win. The imploring eyes of the little fellow haunted Thacher. He could still see that white face in the dust by the Sophomore Fence, with a big brute of a Sophomore swearing at him. This cleared his brain again, and set his veins tingling.

"How many falls do I have?" Thacher asked the referee.

"Two out of three," said the Senior.

"Then I'll do him—three—times," said Thacher slowly. The Senior smiled from his elevated position in life, and twice glanced curiously at the firm, hard mouth of the Freshman. Even when he stepped into the ring he turned and looked at him again. "He'll do," he said to himself, and made a mental memorandum.

When Thacher threw off his blanket and trotted out into the ring again he knew what he was going to do. He met Dale's eyes fearlessly, searchingly. He wanted a fair fight. If he had that he felt he could win. There was a red spot in the corner of Dale's eye that his coach had told him to look out for. There was a lazy sneer on Dale's face, too, that made his gorge rise. A sense of tingling shame swept over him at the fellow's bullying. He took his measure as the Sophomore crouched before him, big, handsome, statuesque, with broad, stooping shoulders that Thacher admired. A minute of cautious study on both sides, and the crowd leaned forward breathlessly as the two big men clinched. Then, like a flash, Thacher took the aggressive so suddenly that before Dale had time to know what had happened he was flat on his back, with a wild, thrilling yell of 300 Freshmen singing in his ears.

It was a simple trick that he had succumbed to. He knew that a moment later when he tried to roll over and get to his feet.

"Fair throw!" yelled the referee, and the timekeepers snapped their watches and threw up their hats in delight. It had taken just twenty seconds. A shout went up from the Freshmen that could have been heard ten blocks, and men rushed to where Thacher sat, surprised and panting, with the football captain rubbing his arms. Thacher wondered if they would be making that fuss again over him five minutes later. Over there in a corner sat a very angry-looking Sophomore with big, bare shoulders, who was waving his rubbers away and glaring at him. But Thacher grinned amiably when Elkins jabbed him in the back, and said, "Cheer up, you've got him!" That was like Elkins. He didn't know anything about it. Thacher also heard men say, "Sat on Dale, did he? Well?" as if it was not so surprising that he had. That was different from the way they first said it.

Men were yelling all around him, "Win it, Thach', win it!" He liked the friendliness of the words. Other men were yelling to Dale, "Do him up, old man. For the sake of the class, do—that—Freshman—up!" That was unpleasant, and it made Dale's lip curl, which Thacher didn't like either. Then he forgot these things in watching Dale's eyes, as the coach had told him to do.

They went round and round for two minutes, like cats, until men outside who couldn't be supposed to know the tense drama that was going on in that ring said, "Shake it up, you fellows!" Still they swung in that narrowing circle, fingers extended, knees bent, mouths shut, eyes alert; Dale beautifully scientific in his feints, with a dangerous smile on his lips; Thacher parrying, clumsy, throbbing.

"They're in!!"

Dale shot forward like a catapult, gripping Thacher's waist. The two men knelt at the impact, then sprang into the air, keeled, twisted, turned.

"Down in front! Oh, *please* sit down!"

But every man was on his feet, mouth open to shout, hat ready to throw in air, eyes glued on those two twisting Titan figures. Then suddenly Thacher felt Dale's leg glide around behind him, and Dale's elbow dig him in the wind. A sickening sense of foul play shot through him. He struggled to slip from that close embrace. A rush of anger flushed his brain. "You would—do—that!" he said. It was the only gleam of real intelligence that Thacher ever admitted he had had, when, in that last quick turn and crashing fall, he had twisted one leg in just the right place and wrenched, so that when they struck the ground it was on Dale's shoulder.

Thacher felt himself suffocated in the Sophomore's grasp, with his hot breath on his cheek. Referees were crowding in, holding their torches high above their heads. Above all he heard his dear class shouting:

"Finish him! Finish him! Oh, *please* win that throw!"

It shot through his blood like electricity. The man at his side gave one sudden violent jerk, but Thacher, rolling over with every muscle tense, jammed his arms straight out on the grass. He heard his class roar, and it sounded like a thunderclap. The man under him was twisting over again. He jammed his arms out harder, till Dale's shoulders were flat on the sod. The referee ran up with his whistle between his lips.

Then Thacher noticed something. The arm that he was shoving down so mercilessly lay limp and pathetic in his grasp, though with the other Dale was trying hard to rise. A hot sense of brutal, pitiless triumph filled Thacher's brain like a flood tide. He was on the verge of the first great victory of his life. In a moment he would be the hero of his class, and perhaps what he had so longed for would be brought and laid at his feet. One more jerk and jam, and that limp figure would lie outstretched like a felled oak. But just as the referee leaned over them Thacher sprang back, his lips pale, but his brain steady.

"A fair throw," said the referee breathlessly.

"No, sir," said Thacher calmly; "it was not a fair throw. The man's arm is broken."

A great yell was going up from 300 Freshmen throats while Thacher stood there, blank and trembling, while men were running up, asking questions and expostulating.

"Of course it was a throw, Thacher," they were saying. "The man's down, and he won't deny it." The referee stood quietly at Thacher's side.

"What's the decision?" shouted a crowd of men, pressing up to the referee. The latter looked at Thacher, and then said quietly:

"No throw. The bout is a tie."

Then he swallowed something in his throat and walked away.

IT was ten o'clock that night when Thacher had heard for the fortieth time in the hour that no man but a fool would give his class away like that, mixed with tearful expostulations from Elkins and statements from Phillips and Atkinson, that Thacher had queered himself all right and the class, when the door was pushed open and a medium-sized man with a business-like face stepped into the room, with two other men at his heels.

"You will please accept my compliments, Mr. Thacher," said this gentleman, holding out his hand to the Freshman heavy weight. "We don't praise men here at Yale very much like this, but the whole college appreciates what you did. It was a very noble thing to do."

"Oh, no," said Thacher. But when the 'Varsity football captain comes to your room and says things like that it makes you feel peculiar about the collar.

When he had gone Atkinson and Phillips looked out of the window for some minutes and then shook Thacher's hand slowly, but with a glimmer of understanding in their aristocratic brains. Then Elkins threw his arms round his shoulders and hugged him, and that made Thacher feel better than anything else that had happened that night.

MESSAGES TO MID-OCEAN.

MARCONI'S OWN STORY OF HIS LATEST TRIUMPH.

RECORDED BY HENRY HERBERT MCCLURE.

EVER since Marconi announced that he had received telegraph signals from Cornwall, England, at St. John's, Newfoundland, there has been a growing doubt in many minds as to whether he had really accomplished the feat. Marconi has settled all those doubts now. On board the "Philadelphia," during the week of February 22d, a receiver took and printed on a tape messages from Cornwall, 1,551 miles away. Notice this statement. No telephone instrument was used; there was no human agency to "think" or "imagine," and perhaps err. At a prearranged hour a transmitter at Cornwall shot a message through the air; Marconi and the ship's officers and others on board the "Philadelphia" heard the tick, and, looking at the tape, saw the dots and dashes which you or I or anybody still can see. When a machine does a thing, we humans believe; so long as a man stands between, we doubt.

Fully two miles of telegraph tape, covered with thousands of signals and messages, bear witness to this latest triumph. By way of voucher, the captain and chief officer of the "Philadelphia" signed and certified the messages and signals which they saw printed by the instruments, and the documents in the case thus presented include messages received up to 1,551.5 miles, and signals received up to 2,099 miles. All this happened on a ship which was steaming away from England at twenty knots an hour, and under conditions which permit no question as to the significance of the experiments.

"Can you read?" inquired Marconi of the writer of this article the day he arrived fresh from his triumph and full of enthusiasm. "Will they say now I was mistaken in Newfoundland?" and he pointed to a piece of tape, the full length of which was covered with the blue marks of a telegraphic inker. It bore the inscription, "Received on SS. 'Philadelphia,' Lat. 42.1 N., Long. 47.23 W., distance 2,099 (two thousand and ninety-nine) statute miles from Poldhu. Capt. A. R. Mills."

received on S.S. Philadelphia Lat 45.15 N. Long 38.05 a distance of 1551.5 (one thousand five hundred and

"Before I sailed from England," said Mr. Marconi, "I gave instructions to the operators at my Poldhu station to the effect that they should send signals at stated intervals during the week of my voyage. They were to operate two hours out of every twelve, or one hour out of every six, sending messages and signals in periods of ten minutes, alternating with intervals of five-minute rests."

Marconi's party occupied four staterooms on the upper deck. On a small table in one of these the instruments rested. It was the same installation as is used on all the transatlantic steamers equipped with his apparatus, except that this one was fitted with special coherer attachments which attuned it to the Poldhu station. Outside of the cabin there was little to be seen. One wire passed through a porthole of the operating-room and was fastened to the side of the ship, thus establishing a "ground"; and in place of one aërial wire extending to the top of the ship's mast, four were used in parallel, in order that a better effect might be secured. The end of these four wires was 150 feet above the water-line, a fact worthy of note in comparison with the height of the kites and balloon at St. John's—over 400 feet.

At Poldhu, the sending station, there was used practically the same apparatus as for the Newfoundland experiments. Engines and dynamos generating from six to forty horse-power of energy created a voltage of 20,000, and this high tension was transformed up to 250,000. When the operator pressed the telegraphic key, a spark a foot long and as thick as a man's wrist, the most powerful electric flash yet devised, sprang across the gap; the very ground near by quivered and crackled with the energy. No human being could stand near the huge coil which produced this tremendous flash of lightning. Of so great a power must be the transatlantic stations, in order that 3,000 miles away a few slender wires may pick up an infinitesimally small part of the energy radiated, and the receiving instruments record the message that speeds like light across the space. With every tick of the inker on the tape there are hundreds of thousands of waves in the ether to produce it; with every flash of the transmitting instruments, hundreds of thousands of ether waves have circled the globe in all directions. Yet, thanks to this young man of twenty-seven years, the proper message is received by the proper station; and, to the world, what was hardly a probability three months ago is now an undisputed fact.

The "Philadelphia" left Cherbourg at midnight, February 22d. Several messages were sent and received until the 150 mile limit was passed. About six P.M. on the 23d, when the liner was 250 miles out, there came the message:

"Stiff southwest breeze; fairly heavy swell."

And on the next morning, at the appointed time:

"All in order. V. E. (Do you understand?)"

Chief Officer Marsden happened to be in the operating-room when this message was ticked out. The ship was then 500 miles away from Poldhu, and he could scarcely credit his senses. He had actually seen it, and, full of excitement, he rushed about the ship, telling his fellow-officers of the feat.

"Ho, ho!" they laughed. "Do you think we are going to believe that?"

"Wait until the set time to-morrow, then, and see for yourselves," replied Marsden.

The next day the skeptics crowded about the operating-room. Watch in hand, Marconi sat looking at his instruments. Then he opened a brake on the coil of tape, and the white strip began to unroll. Suddenly Marconi burst out, "There it comes," and simultaneously began the "tap, tap, tap" of the inker, and another message had waved itself through the ether, and had been recorded on a piece of narrow paper nearly 1,000 miles away from its source.

The days following were full of suppressed excitement. Shortly after midnight on the 24th, amidst scores of signals, came the message:

"Fine here."

The distance was then 1,032.3 miles. Another about the same time read:

"Thanks for telegram. Hope all are still well. Good luck."

The supreme test for messages came when the ship was 1,551.5 miles from Poldhu. At that time, just before the break of day on the 25th, came the message:

W from Poldhu (Cornwall) over
fifteen and a half statute miles Marconi Chief Office.

"All in order. Do you understand?"

"Let me show you just how accurately these instruments operate," said Marconi to Captain Mills. (The ship was then in mid-ocean.) "I will release the brake on the coil of tape just a few seconds before the appointed time, and we shall see when the signals begin, and whether they come as they should."

Mr. Marconi and the captain held their watches. Ten seconds before the expected working period a snap of the brake set the coil in motion. The two waited with breathless expectancy. The captain had been one of the skeptics at the start. Now he was all confidence and enthusiasm. Almost exactly on the second for which they were waiting there was a slight buzz near the coherer. Marconi lifted his hand. "Tap, tap, tap," sounded the inker as it clicked against the tape. The young man smiled. "Is that proof enough, Captain?" For exactly ten minutes the signals continued in unbroken order.

"Now," said Marconi, "let us see whether these instruments will get anything during the five minutes' rest period of the Poldhu operators. You know some of the scientists say my receivers may be affected by atmospheric electricity. It is possible, too, that some of the other ocean liners equipped with my system may be operating within range of this ship. If they are, we shall not know it, for these instruments are tuned to receive messages from the Cornwall station only. But some people say I cannot tune my messages."

Again the two waited beside the instruments. Nothing appeared on the tape, although it was allowed to unroll during the time. Then again, as suddenly and as strangely as before, began the "tap, tap, tap" of the inker. The Poldhu operators had returned to their labors, and Marconi, half way across the ocean, was getting the click every time they pressed the key and sent that enormous flash of energy across the sparkling gap of the transmitter.

The signals continued to come during the working periods of the next day. Shortly before the end of the appointed hour in the evening, the last set of signals arrived. The ship was 2,099 miles from Poldhu. The record established at Newfoundland had been broken, and the proof of Marconi's achievement was indisputable.

No one could doubt that the signals had been received, and the fact that the steamship "Umbria," which was equipped with a Marconi installation, and only a few hours behind the "Philadelphia," did not receive a single signal from Poldhu proves conclusively Marconi's assertion that he can so regulate his instruments that only the proper stations shall receive certain messages.

"I knew the signals would come up to 2,100 miles, because I had fitted the instruments to work to that distance," he replied to a question. "If they had not come, I should have known that my operators at Poldhu were not doing their duty.

"Why, I can sit down now and figure out just how much power, and what equipment would be required to send messages from Cornwall to the Cape of Good Hope or to Australia. I cannot understand why the scientists do not see this thing as I do. It is perfectly simple, and depends merely on the height of wire used and the amount of power at the transmitting ends. Supposing you wanted to light a circuit of 1,000 electric lamps. You would use enough dynamos and produce enough current for that effect. If you did not have that much power, you could not operate 1,000 lamps. It is the same with my system. We found several years ago that, if we doubled the height of our aërial wire, we quadrupled the effect. We used one-fortieth of a horse-power then. Now I use several horse-power, and, by producing a powerful voltage, I naturally get an effect in proportion to that power. It is not possible to keep on extending the height of our aërial conductors, so we simply use more power when we wish to do long distance work.

"Give me a week at Nantucket and I will guarantee to receive signals from England. As soon as we can get up stations in this country similar to our station at Poldhu we shall be able to transmit and receive any and all kinds of messages across the Atlantic."

It is the first prophecy that Marconi has made since he began his work in wireless telegraphy seven years ago. He has not failed before. Few believe that he will fail now.

THE LOCK STEP.

By I. K. Friedman,
Author of "By Bread Alone."

I.

HE was free now! For every single, separate hour whose interminable links wrought the burdening, lengthening chain of his six years' imprisonment he had looked forward to this minute. Why did the emotions aroused by his liberation fall so far below the happiness that his eager expectation had pictured? He answered the question by telling himself that the sudden change was too bewildering and dazzling to allow him to think clearly and feel truly. His joy would come with time—to-morrow, no doubt. To possess gold was one thing; to be gladdened with the results of its purchasing power was quite another.

His wife awaited him in the visitor's room; she was standing when he entered. Her quivering, anxious, restless nerves would not allow her to remain seated. He had seen her before in that same bare, cheerless room—ten or twelve times during those six black, cruel years; and on each of those meetings his imagination had leapt the chasm of intervening time, to greet the occasion when he should walk into that apartment and clasp her hand and kiss her lips as a free man, with head erect, with fearless step, with prison garb discarded. How different it would all be then; no hint of sorrow to sickly over the few minutes of liberty torn from the prison chains; no ghastly reminder that their conversation was limited and measured by clock ticks; no shuddering thoughts of a return to cell and workshop—a return made thrice bitter and unendurable by a glimpse of the free, beautiful world beyond. Yes, how different it must be!

"Rob!" she lifted a black veil and displayed a delicate, sensitive, suffering-marked face, pale to absolute whiteness in contrast with the deep black of her dress, hat, and veil. He pressed her hand and kissed her—kissed her with the coldness of premeditation, not with the glow of spontaneity, nor with the rapture of impulse. "Is it so different?" asked the thought that pushed clear of his mass of confused ideas and concepts.

As they moved along, away from the yard of the penitentiary, he could feel the high gray prison walls, edged here and there by turrets and paced by sentinels, gazing down upon them; it was the first thing he had noticed on going in; it was the last thing that struck him vividly on going out.

"Rob," complained his wife gently, "you are walking too quickly. I'm afraid that I can't keep up."

"Eh?" he awoke from his lethargy with a shock and eyed her keenly. She turned her face to the ground. He tried to slacken his steps; but still, despite his efforts, he marched along with the timed interval-spaced movement of the lock step. One—two—one—two! He had accustomed his movements to that measure for six years; his hands on the shoulders of the man ahead; his shoulders clasped by the heavy hands of the man behind. Habit was not to be changed with a breath. One—two—one—two! It was well named, that step—it imprisoned a man as effectually as the great iron locks, the huge keys, and the massive bolts.

They passed on through the streets of Joliet, wending their way towards the depot. Produce wagons were drawn close to the curbs in two flat, unbroken green lines; and the sidewalks were crowded with chaffering farmers and haggling purchasers.

She talked with forced gaiety of the pleasure, insurpassable, long-awaited, of having him at her side, of walking with him, of owning him again, putting her sentiments in delicate, duly-considered sentences. He did not listen; he was as vaguely conscious of her words as of the atmosphere, and just as heedless. People were scanning him, he thought; their eyes watching his betraying step. One—two—one—two! He concentrated his attention on his walk, bending his head towards his thick, short legs, and by a strong effort of will breaking the pendulum-like regularity of the lock. His mind wandered; and his wife plucked him by the

arm—she was growing breathless from the unwonted exertion. Good God! he was stamping on his own heart with his own feet. The black and white stripes of the convict garb were marked ineradicably upon his flesh. The past was a ball and chain that he must drag through his future.

They reached the wooden station, and he sank down upon the bench, exhausted, relieved by the thought that he might conceal his tell-tale legs. The train for Chicago would arrive in five minutes. His old self—that part of him which had deserted his ego when he entered the penitentiary—asserted itself now, arising in his consciousness like a thought submerged and long forgotten.

"And Rose? How is she; she must have grown large since—since I was away? Will she remember me?" he asked plaintively.

"Yes, she remembers you perfectly, Rob. I wanted to bring her. I thought I would, but——"

"I understand," he nodded.

The whirling train pulled up to the station, and they hurried out on the platform. He suspected—with some reason—that the eyes of the colored porter were staring fixedly at him as he hastened toward the iron steps of the car. He was morbidly depressed by the feeling that this august personage was grinning behind his back.

On the way homeward he lapsed into silence again, gloomy and dejected, his step dragging remorselessly—one—two—one—two—across his weary brain. He had repeated to himself, in a half-absent, vaguely formed sort of a way, again and again, a little speech of thanks to his wife, praising her patience, her self-sacrifice, the nobility of her conduct. He had forevisioned himself in the act of speaking those words as she sat beside him in the Pullman, homeward bound. Her eyes would beam with love, with that saintly, eternally womanly gratitude; his lips would tremble with fervor, his heart burn with devotion.

And now? He mumbled a few incoherent words of praise, and she squeezed his hand; then he gazed out of the window blankly, dreading the dismal years to come.

II.

FEW men were ever sentenced to the penitentiary for less than Robert Decker; rarely does the ugly force of circumstances throw so good a man in so bad a place. Perhaps the story is tritely old enough; perhaps its very sameness keeps it eternally new. He was a cashier in a wholesale boot and shoe house; his responsibilities were large; the sums of money he handled great; and his pay disproportionately small. His wife fell ill; afterwards his child; and the temptation to add to his income became irresistible. He peculated at first; the illness dragged on, and the bills consequent upon it heaped up—his peculations increased to bolder and bolder thefts. He intended to put the money back of course as soon as times grew better and in joint. He had promised himself that repeatedly; and this intention was the most honest part of his dishonesty. He was discovered long before he was able to effect his plans for reimbursement. The only difference between the result of his defection and that of the majority of such cases was the unusual severity of the penalty.

A stern-hearted, tight-fisted father-in-law, who refused to pay the fine and lighten the punishment of his daughter's husband, had died during Robert's confinement, and left his only child just sufficient to keep her beyond the howl of the wolf. It was the one time that the sun of fortune had glimmered on his night-clouded career.

The daughter Rose had believed that her father was absent on business in a far-away land, until a spiteful playmate let the cat out of the bag, and the evil feline dogged the unhappy child's steps ever afterwards.

Rose asked her mother no questions, her precocity telling her that inquiries would cost pain; so she deluded her mother, as her mother had deluded her, by a pretended belief in the trumped-up story of commerce and foreign lands, whilst her nimble fancy was busy in the invention of morbid conceits of prison, torture, and chains—conceits that it had been a thousand times better for her mother to have shared, in order to have dispelled by the relating of actualities, which were, in turn, a thousand times milder than the girl's exaggerated conjectures; but the mother never knew, and Rose was left to the agony of her long midnight thoughts that died not away even when the day came.

She had prefigured her father's return times innumerable—a prefiguration made realistic and repellant by the evil illustrations she had seen displayed in the criminological journals that chanced to hang in the shop windows. Would he return in striped garb? Would his crown be shaved in prison fashion? Would the ball and chain cling clanking to his foot? The shame, the humiliation, the mortification of the other children seeing this!

Now her mother had told Rose that her father would return within a day or two, and the child shrank down in herself, fearful and trembling; her conscience aching poignantly—ashamed of the shame to meet her father.

She stood tightly wedged in a corner, biting her finger nails nervously, half-averting her timid gaze when he entered the room, spread his arms wide apart, uttering a wild cry of joy, all his long pent-up yearning and affection of fatherhood finding expression. She looked at him full in the face, penetratingly, searchingly, longingly. A deep exclamation of surprise opened her lips. He was like other men, after all—there were no visible marks to betray a difference. She shouted aloud and clung to his neck sobbing and weeping, and he patted her cheek and kissed her passionately as his own eyelids moistened and the Adam's apple in his throat rose and fell.

III.

HE shunned the streets and the daylight, and sat in their rooms trying to pluck up courage to face the world and its open question. He had ventured out but once, and returned quickly. The occupants of the other flats had turned to stare at him as he passed down the stairs; surreptitious sneers scorched his back. On the street it was worse. He could go along for half a block and by effort mince his long steps; but the moment his mind wandered he fell back into the one—two—one—two of the lock.

His daughter was ever his companion, sitting beside him in silence, saying nothing, thinking everything; since his home-coming the other children had shunned her, and she shunned them. He guessed the truth vaguely, and a ball and chain weighed and dragged at his heart. He wished himself back. The constant deadening work of the prison offered anodyne to the pain of disgrace, and salve to smarting memory.

He mastered himself finally, grasping will in the strong hand of duty, and bending it away from throttling passivity into action. He resolved to meet the stare of the world and seek occupation. It was a melancholy week, disastrous, heart-tearing. The same questions everywhere; the same replies; the same refusals. Once a convict, always a convict. The world could forgive the man, innocent or guilty, who barely escaped imprisonment; but never the man, guilty or innocent, who passed inside the iron jaws of a jail. A convict never evades the prison walls; they stretch out to the confines of the universe to retain him. Liberty means simply a larger penitentiary.

In answer to an advertisement he had inquired for work in one of the large railroad offices in Clark Street. What were his references? Thinking truth the wiser and surer course, he told his history. A second afterwards he was plunging southward through the surging crowd, goaded on by pride hurt and manhood wrenched. Motion, motion was his quest. He cared not whither he went; and unwittingly he found himself in the vilest slum of the city.

A man, low-browed, coarse-featured, standing on the doorway of a saloon near the viaduct—a resort for thugs and outcasts—blocked Robert's path, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder.

"Hi there! when did you get out of the 'stir'?"

He quivered and drew back. "I don't know you. I never saw you. Let me——"

"Come now, I seen that walk ef yourn," interrupted the other calmly, sure of his man, "don't bluff me when——"

He shoved the reprobate violently and hastened away, darting into the first alley that offered its friendly concealment, the one—two—one—two of the lock howling like thunder through his heart, flashing like lightning through his thought, burning its way through his brain.

He wore the badge and mark of infamy, then? The visible sign that branded him kith and kin to the exiles from law, respectability, and decency. They would never challenge his admission into their ranks. He needed no password. They would assume that he belonged there. They would consider denial barefaced impudence.

IV.

"MR. COVERT," announced the office boy, "Robert Decker wants to see you."

Mr. Covert, of Covert & Clarke, looked up from his desk. "Decker—Decker? Oh, yes; I remember. Tell him to wait a minute."

The bell tapped, the office door swung wide, and Robert stood before his old employer, a thin, tall man of fifty, cold, dignified, even hard; his black hair sprinkled with gray, his steel-gray eyes glancing sharply through black-rimmed glasses.

"Well, what can I do for you?" and Covert ran his thumb through his black

goatee softly and reflectingly. Curiosity had prompted his reception of Robert. He wished to see how a man looked who had served his time in the penitentiary; besides, it was a chance to deliver a moral lecture, which Covert never missed; and an opportunity, equally good, to impress a mortal with the importance of Covert, of Covert & Clarke; he never missed that either.

He tipped back on his swivel-chair and ran his thickly-veined hand through his black hair, scrutinizing the ex-convict with his gray eyes, feelingless as two colored stones; and Robert, who had screwed his courage to the highest tension, met his gaze frankly, boldly, without flinching.

"Well?" repeated Covert, with the significant emphasis of a man whose time is limited and valuable.

Robert tapped the floor with his foot nervously, and compressed his thin lips firmly. "I've come back to ask—to beg for work, Mr. Covert. For God's sake don't refuse me! There is nothing left for me if you do—absolutely nothing. I have tramped around this town looking for a position until I am foot-sore and heart-sick. The moment that I tell them that I've been to—to the penitentiary, that settles it—they want no more of me. You know me—you know that I've had my lesson; that I've been punished for the wrong I did, fearfully punished—harder than I deserved perhaps. You know what I can do—I always did the work of two men; did it well. You said so yourself. Take me back; give me a trial. You'll never regret it—never in God's world." He spoke quickly, pleadingly, his voice quavering, never below the breaking point, dangerously near the edge of it toward the close.

"HIS DAUGHTER WAS EVER HIS COMPANION, SITTING BESIDE HIM IN SILENCE."

"Yes, you've had your lesson, Decker. I think you needed it, and it ought to keep you straight—straight as a string—until the end of your days." He went on slowly, with an impressive drawl, "I'd like to take you back, but it would hardly do for a firm with the reputation of Covert & Clarke to take back any man who has had—well, who has been under a cloud."

Robert arose to his feet. "You won't take me back, then?" he asked dejectedly, all the sadness of disappointment awaited in his crestfallen face.

"No, I can't do that," he answered sternly, as if his sternness had cost resolution and pain; "but I would advise——"

Covert continued with his oracular mottoes on right living and sure results. Robert was vaguely conscious that Sir Oracle was still in throe; he heard no particular word, just the pattering murmur of word on word, ponderously delivered. A paper-knife was twinkling on the desk, sharp, well polished. It fascinated him; he could see his hand grasping the handle, lifting it. Why not? This man had wronged him, murdered him morally, taken his life more effectually than could the hangman; and it was in his power to restore it, to make restitution; and he refused. His fingers itched from the message that the nerves of motion sent throbbing to their ends. He took his hand out of his pocket; but thrust it back again, suppressing a cry. He locked out of the office; locked with bent head, reckless, heedless, like a man who has played his last card in the game of life, and to whom fate denies another chance; locked—one—two—one—two—past the long compartment behind the glass windows of which his old business friends gazed out and down upon him, some scornfully, some curiously, some regretfully; and of their scorn, their curiosity, and regret he was thoroughly aware and entirely careless.

V.

ONCE out of Covert & Clarke's, he strode south on Market Street, his head still bent to the ground, muttering jumbled phrases; his swirling thoughts still centering about the paper-knife that had drawn his hand from his pocket. It was a bleak, cheerless day, the wind coming from everywhere and nowhere, shifting to meet one squarely as one turned to escape its sharp assault.

"Where to?" he asked himself suddenly. "I'd better be back there," he hissed between his set teeth, "a thousand times better. I'm going back there. There's a way to get back. I'm only standing in her light and Rose's."

"Hello, Decker, why don't you run into a fellow!"

He came to a standstill with a start, finding himself jogging elbows with Mr. Duncan, the warden of the penitentiary. There was a good-natured smile on Duncan's gray-bearded face—on that part of it at least which was not hidden by the long gray hair—and his small eyes twinkled merrily. The twinkle and the smile were customary, as necessarily a part of his countenance as the features themselves.

Robert stretched out his hand and grasped Duncan's eagerly; he was the one man in all that great city whom he rejoiced to meet. He had nothing to conceal from him; nothing to explain.

"I've just come to Chicago to do some shopping," piped the old fellow in his high voice. "Can't get out of that. It's the madame's birthday—comes every year—once." And he patted the package under his arm with a sly wink; then the eyes twinkled and the smile broadened, the heavy beard pushing away on both sides of his face to make room for it. "How are you getting along, eh?"

Robert started to retail his misfortunes, but the corners of his mouth twitched, his chest heaved, and there was a gasping in his throat as if for breath. This unexpected kindness was thawing him. He was afraid that he would break down in the street. He caught himself determinedly, shook his head, and said hoarsely: "I want to go back—take me. It's worse than solitary confinement here. Can't you? Will you?" The gleam of a desperate hope flashed across his face and died away.

Duncan's eyes ceased to twinkle; he became solemn and serious at once. It was not the first time in his long experience as a warden that he had been accosted thus; but it always saddened him; always struck him across the heart like a blow. Yet, after a minute, the eyes, star-pointed, twinkled again; and the smile broadened across the hirsute face.

"Oh, come now; don't feel like that. It will all come right after a time. They're all like that at first; but that sort of feeling losses its grip. I can tell you a dozen cases. Why, look at Harris. You knew Harris, didn't you? I met him in the same glum mood that you are in; he wanted to go back too. And now? Why, he's got a business of his own; happy; married; he wouldn't go back for millions, not he."

"It's no use, Mr. Duncan, if you won't take me back—I'm going to get back, you understand?"

Duncan eyed him wonderingly and nodded. He understood; and the understanding troubled him sorely.

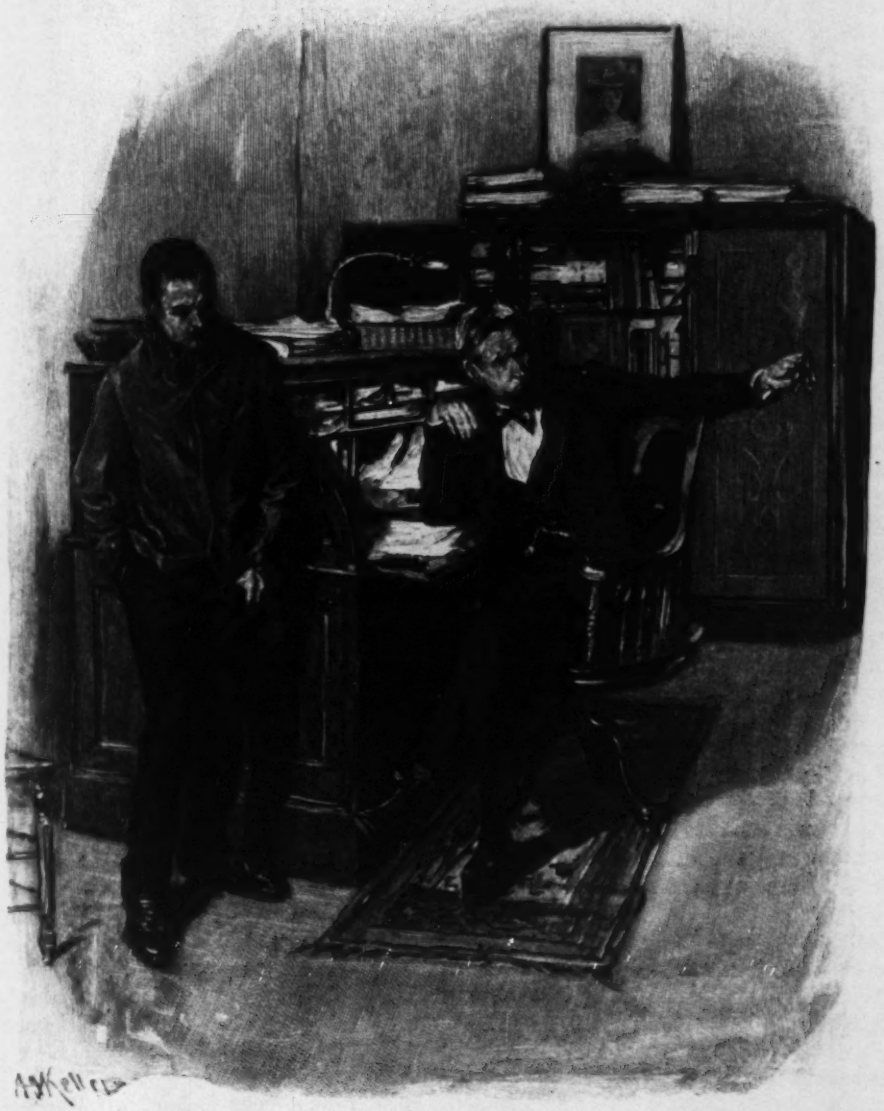
"I'm living at — West Monroe; if you can take me back let me know; and let me know quickly, or—" He stopped short, his voice pressing thinly through his muffled throat; he grasped the oldster's hand and disappeared in the maelstrom of people.

VI.

DUNCAN stood where he was until Robert's bent head and measured step passed from view; then he tottered away, disconsolate and sorrowful. He hated to see a good man go to the dogs, and he had seen so many of them go that way in his time. He had saved a few; had tried to save more; but, after all, his individual capacity was strictly limited. He regretted that he had met Robert; he could do him no good; and Robert had spoiled his bliss that came from the anticipating of a happy morrow. Still, he had always liked Robert; he had taken a fatherly interest in him. He had called him "his boy," and that call had come from the bottom of Duncan's capacious heart. The parcel under his arm weighed like lead. He was a fool to lug things home when there was an express company running between Chicago and Joliet!

"By Jove!" he spoke with a burst, "I've got it! Yes, I've got it. I'll do it!" The eyes twinkled again, and the smile pushed over the smooth, ruddy patches of cheek. The package weighed lighter; he was pleased that he had it there; a certain satisfaction came from holding it under his protecting arm.

Whistling, he marched into a saloon and



"'YOU WON'T TAKE ME BACK, THEN?'"

ordered a toddy. It was the finishing touch to his happiness. He sealed every bargain that he ever made with righteousness with a toddy; and he usually proffered it to the same power as a pledge. He sat in his corner of the room sipping the concoction and laughing to himself, just loud enough to be heard, like the complacent crooning of a joyous child. Visitors to that bar smiled at Duncan's evident merriment; the world loves a contented old man even more than a young lover.

He pulled out his large, open-faced watch with a jerk. "I'm wasting too much time at this business," and assuming a serious mien, he stalked into the street and hailed a cab.

"— West Monroe, driver; hurry," he commanded; and when the door slammed he repeated to himself, "I'm wasting too much time at this business."

"'WE'LL GO,' SHE ANSWERED FOR HIM."

VII.

It was dusk when Robert left Duncan and reached home. He never knew why he had

gone thither; what had dragged him there. Perhaps the desolate bitterness of his mood found a secret and baffling gratification in the sharing of his misanthropy with others; probably his return was inspired by higher and worthier motives. He did not analyze; he was only blindly aware of a persistent temptation to stay away.

His wife was watching for him at the window, anxiously awaiting the result of his errand. She ran to open the door. The sorrowful expression on his face gave the reply she feared. She asked no questions. They sat in silence for a time; neither spoke. The daughter pretended to busy herself at play in the farther corner of the room; her little heart beating fiercely with a premonition of the dreadful; fearing it, yet wishing to know and to share it.

"I am going back," he whispered, half to himself, looking stonily out of the window into the darkling spaces of the night. The thought had prevailed so with him, had been so ever-present in his own mind, that he took it for granted that she grasped the reason for his conclusion without knowing the process whereby he had arrived at it. She divined his logic; his intuition was correct.

She walked over to him, and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. The rising storm, growing, mastering him slowly, burst; and he gave way to his tears. On tip-toe Rose stole from the room.

"No, not back there, Rob," she said resolutely, with courage and encouragement in her affectedly cheering voice. "We'll go away from here; sell my little belongings, and start somewhere where they don't know us."

"It's no use," he choked out, "no use. They'll know me; they'll find it out if they don't know it. Somebody or something will turn up to let them know." For the first time he related the incident of the felon who had hailed him upon the street. "I'm going back; I'm going back," he ended, his voice growing harsh, his face drawn and obdurate. "I'm only hurting you and Rose, and doing no good to myself. I'll make them take me back. There's a way!" he cried savagely.

She had seen him thus before in that state of mind and will and she knew him capable of sacrificing himself to another or another to himself.

She waited, her arms clinging tighter and tighter around his neck, for the storm to pass, when her voice might be heard above its mad roar and her arguments prevail. Mistrustful of himself, palpitating in the storm and stress of his passion, he held to her as the living hold to the dying; nay, as the dying clasp the living.

There was a tap at the door; Rose left her corner in the next room, where she lay on the floor sobbing to herself, to answer the summons.

"Here you are!" piped Duncan's cheery voice, as he peered through the hall and caught sight of Robert and his wife. "Didn't expect me, did you? Well, I'm back."

He entered the room and shook their hands with a vigor that bespoke friendship, purposely disregarding the sorrow so distinctly marked on their lugubrious faces. "I haven't much time if I want to catch the six-thirty to Joliet; and I want to catch it —it's the madame's birthday. Comes every year—once. Excuse my curtness; the train won't wait. I've got a proposition—business," and his eyes twinkled, and the smile crossed the hirsute cheeks. "I want you to come back to Joliet with me, and help me to keep my books—it's half State work and half private—I'll pay my half. Will you come?" He drew out his watch, glancing at the dial impatiently.

Robert looked at his wife; his eyes opening wide, mirroring the multifarious and complex thoughts that robbed him of speech; all was depicted in them—hope and unbounded love, thankfulness and delight; and not last and not least the grave responsibility of asking her to add another sacrifice to the long list, greater than any she had yet made, significant as her life itself. She turned from him to the warden, from the warden to him. She had seen what those mirrors reflected; and for her the reflections were profoundly, sacredly beautiful to behold.

"We'll go," she answered for him; and there was all in her voice that had been in his eyes, save that it carried no suspicion of the idea of self-sacrifice.

When Rose was called into the room she was quick to see the change in the countenances of her parents, quicker still to divine the cause of it; unbidden she put her small hand in Duncan's large one; and the old man understood from her uplifted face that he must bend his own down.

A Tale of the Trout Stream

by William Davenport Hulbert

with drawings by Walter Manly Hardy.

IT was winter, and the trout stream ran low in its banks, hidden from the sky by a thick shell of ice and snow. But the trout stream was used to that, and it slipped along in the semi-darkness, undismayed, talking to itself in low, murmuring tones, and dreaming of the time when spring should come back and all the rivers should be full.

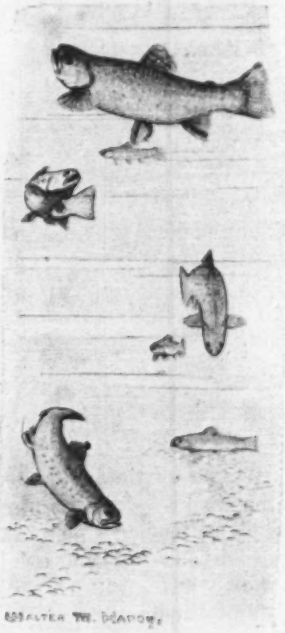
Mingled with its waters, and borne onward and downward by its current, were multitudes of the tiniest bubbles and particles of air—most of them too small to be seen by the human eye, yet large enough to be the very breath of life to thousands and thousands of living creatures. They went wherever the water could go, and some of them worked down into the gravel of the river-bed, and there, between the pebbles, they found a vast number of little balls of yellow-brown jelly, each about as large as a small pea. And the air-bubbles touched the trout-eggs gently, and in some wonderful way their oxygen passed in through the pores of the shells, and the little lives within were quickened and stirred.

Through each of those thin, leathery, semi-transparent shells you could have seen, if you had examined it closely, a pair of bright, beady eyes and a little thread of a backbone. The backbones were all too long to lie straight, and had to curl up inside the eggs like so many horseshoes, and along the outside of each one a set of the tiniest and daintiest muscles was getting ready for a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. And one day, late in the winter, the muscles in one particular egg pulled with all their might, the backbone straightened, the shell was ripped open, and the tail of a new

Brook Trout wriggled itself out into the water.

But his head and shoulders were still inside, and for a while it looked as if he would never get them out. A long, narrow fin ran aft from the middle of his back, around the end of his tail, and forward again on the under side of his body; and with this for an oar he struggled and writhed and squirmed, and went bumping blindly about among the pebbles like a kitten with its head in the cream pitcher. And at last he backed free of the shell in which he had lain for several months, and lay down on a stone to rest and meditate.

The Troutlet had to lie on his side, for attached to his breast was a large, round, transparent sac, which contained a goodly portion of the yolk of the egg. If you had examined it with a microscope you would have seen a most strange and beautiful sight. His heart was pumping blood into it through little arteries which kept branching and dividing, and in the very smallest of these branches a wonderful process was going on. Somehow, by life's marvelous and mysterious alchemy, the blood was laying hold of the material of the yolk, turning it into more blood, and carrying it away to be used in building up bone and muscle.



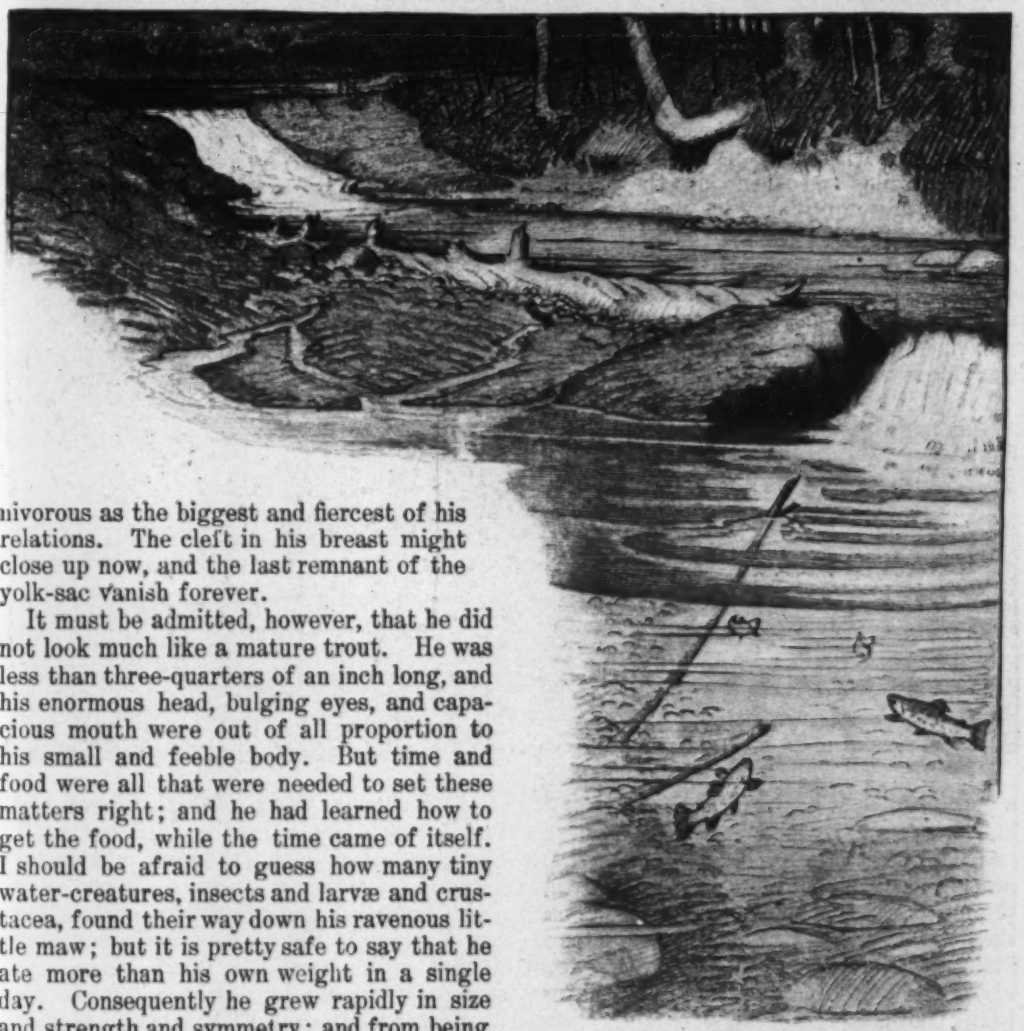
With a full haversack to draw on in such a convenient manner, the baby Trout was not obliged, for the present, to think about hustling around in search of a living. This was very fortunate, for the stream was full of beasts of prey, who would be only too glad to gobble him up; and, besides, his frail little body was so delicate that he could not bear the light. So he simply dived down deeper into the gravel and stayed there, and for some weeks he led a very quiet life among the pebbles.

His yolk-sac was gradually shrinking, and after a month or so it drew itself up into a little cleft in his breast and almost disappeared. It could no longer supply food enough for his growing body. And other changes had come. The embryonic fin which had made his tail so like a paddle was gone, the true dorsal and caudal and anal fins had taken their proper shape, and he looked a little less like a tadpole, and a little more like a fish. He was stronger, and he no longer dreaded the light; and so at last he came up out of the gravel-bed to study swimming, and to take his rightful place in the world of moving, murmuring waters.

He had hardly emerged from his hiding-place in the gravel when a queer, big-headed little fish darted at him from under a big stone, with his jaws open and an awful cavity yawning behind them. The Troutlet dodged between a couple of pebbles and escaped, but another youngster behind him was caught and swallowed alive. This was his first meeting with the star-gazer, who kills more babies than ever Herod did. Then there were minnows, and herrings, and chubs, and lizards, and frogs, and weasels, and water-snakes, and other butchers of all sorts and sizes, too numerous to mention. Perhaps the worst of all were the older trout, who never seemed to have any scruples at all about eating their young relations. I don't believe that more than one or two in a thousand of the small fry ever lived to maturity. Our young friend spent most of his time in the shallow water near the banks, hidden as much as possible under chips and dead leaves, and behind stones.

His first taste of food was a great experience, and gave him some entirely new ideas of life. He was lying with his head up-stream, as was his usual habit, when a particularly fat, plump little larva came drifting down with the current. He looked very tempting, and our friend sallied out from under a little black stick and caught him on the fly, just as he had seen the star-gazer catch his own brother. The funny little creature wriggled deliciously on his tongue, and he held him between his jaws for a moment in a kind of ecstasy; but he couldn't quite make up his mind to swallow him, and presently he spat him out again. It was the first time he had ever done such a thing, and he felt rather overwhelmed; but an hour or two later he tried it again, and this time the living morsel did not stop in his mouth, but went straight on down.

Henceforth he could take care of himself. He was no longer an embryo; he was a real fish, a genuine *Salvelinus fontinalis*, as carnivorous as the biggest and fiercest of his relations. The cleft in his breast might close up now, and the last remnant of the yolk-sac vanish forever.



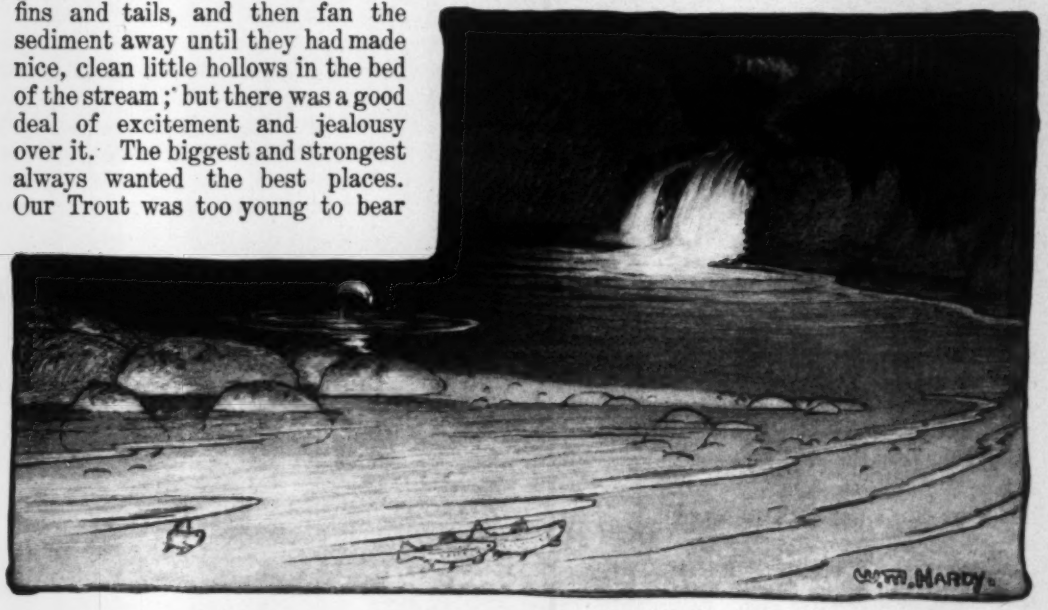
It must be admitted, however, that he did not look much like a mature trout. He was less than three-quarters of an inch long, and his enormous head, bulging eyes, and capacious mouth were out of all proportion to his small and feeble body. But time and food were all that were needed to set these matters right; and he had learned how to get the food, while the time came of itself. I should be afraid to guess how many tiny water-creatures, insects and larvæ and crustacea, found their way down his ravenous little maw; but it is pretty safe to say that he ate more than his own weight in a single day. Consequently he grew rapidly in size and strength and symmetry; and from being a quiet, languid baby, always hiding in dark corners and attending strictly to his own affairs, he became one of the liveliest and most inquisitive little fishes in all the stream.

It would take too long to tell of all his youthful adventures during the next year, and of his many narrow escapes, and the tight places that he got into and out of. Once a kingfisher dived for him, missed him by a hair's breadth, and flew back, scolding and chattering, to his perch on an old stump that leaned far out over the water. And once he had a horrible vision of an immense loon close behind him, with long neck stretched out, and huge bill just ready to make the fatal grab. He dodged and got away, but it frightened him about as badly as anything can frighten a creature with no more nerves than a fish. Many other such adventures he had, but somehow or other he always pulled through, and the next spring he was eating the new crop of young fry with as little concern as the star-gazers had shown in trying to eat him. Our friend appeared to be one of those who are foreordained to eat and not be eaten, though it was more than likely that in the end he, too, would meet a violent death. It seems to be a true saying that no brook trout ever dies of old age.

When he was about a year and a half old he noticed that all the larger trout were gathering at the places where the water was shallow, the bottom pebbly, and the current rather rapid, and that they acted as if they had important business on hand.

He wanted to do as the others did, and thus it happened that he went back again to the gravelly shallows where the air-bubbles had first found him.

The male trout were the first to arrive, and they promptly set to work to prepare nests for their mates, who were expected a little later. It was a simple process—the nest-making. All they did was to shove the gravel aside with their noses and fins and tails, and then fan the sediment away until they had made nice, clean little hollows in the bed of the stream; but there was a good deal of excitement and jealousy over it. The biggest and strongest always wanted the best places. Our Trout was too young to bear a very prominent part in these proceedings, but he and a few companions of his own age and size skirmished around the edges of the nesting ground. And a little later, when the nests began to be put to practical use, the yearlings were very much in evidence. Strictly fresh eggs are as good eating down under the water as they are on land, and partly for this reason, and partly because direct sunshine is supposed to be very injurious to them, the mothers always covered them with gravel as quickly as possible. But very often some of them were caught up by the current and swept away in spite of all precautions, and then our young friend would creep up as near as he dared, and whenever one of the little yellow-brown balls came his way he would gobble it down without any remorse whatever.

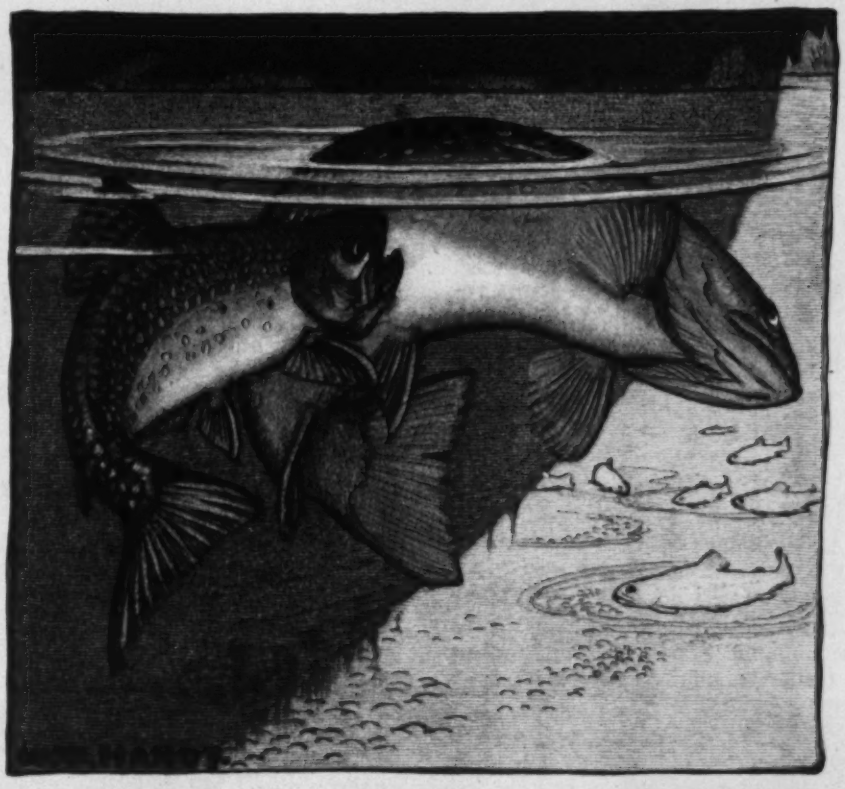


A year later our Trout went again to the gravelly shallows, and this time, being six inches long and about thirty months old, he decided to make a nest of his own. He did so, and had just induced a beautiful young fish of the other sex to come and examine it with a view to matrimony, when the biggest old male in the stream appeared on the scene and promptly turned him out of house and home. It was very exasperating, not to say humiliating.

The next time he had better luck. As another summer passed away and the cooler weather came on, he arrayed himself in his wedding finery, decking himself out in his gayest colors, and making a very brave display. In later years he was larger and heavier, but I don't think he was ever much handsomer than in that fourth autumn of his life. His back was a dark, dusky, olive green, with mottlings that were still darker and duskier. His sides were somewhat lighter, almost golden in some places, and scattered irregularly over them were the bright carmine spots which sometimes gave him the name of the Speckled Trout. Beneath, he was usually of a light cream-color, but, now that he had put on his best suit, his vest was bright orange, and some of his fins were variegated with red and white, while others were a fiery yellow. He was clothed in thousands on thousands of tiny scales, so small and fine that the eye could hardly separate them; and from the bony shoulder-girdle just behind his gills a raised line, slightly waving, ran back to his tail, like the sheer-line of a ship. There might be other fishes more slender than he, and possibly more graceful; but in him there was something besides beauty—something that told of power, and speed, and doggedness. His broad mouth opened clear back under his

eyes, and was armed with rows of strong, sharp teeth which pointed backward, so that when they once fastened themselves in a smaller fish they never let go again. His eyes were large and were set well apart, and the bulge of his forehead between them hinted at more brains than are allotted to some of the people of the stream.

And now he started once more for the shallows, and traveled as he had never traveled before in all his life. Streams are made to swim against—every brook trout knows that,—and the faster they run the greater is the joy of breasting them. One moment he was working up the long rapid like a bird in the teeth of the wind, and the next he was gathering all his strength for the great leap to the top of the waterfall; now he rested for a little while in a quiet pool, and now he went swinging round the curves, diving



under logs and fallen trees, darting up the still places where the water lay a-dreaming, and wriggling over bars where it was not half deep enough to cover him; until at last he reached the place where so many, many generations of brook trout had begun their existence.

He scooped out a fine large nest, a little apart from those of his rivals; but for some reason the first possible mates who came to look at his location declined to stay. Finally, however, there came one who seemed to be quite satisfied, and of whom our friend had every reason to be proud.

She was not a native of the stream, but of one of the hatcheries of the Michigan Fish Commission, and while he was lying in the gravel-bed, she was one of a company of many thousands who inhabited a number of black wooden troughs that stood in a large, pleasant room, full of the sound of running water. Among all those thousands, she was one of the smartest and most precocious. This was particularly fortunate for her, for there was a very hard and trying experience before her—one in which she would have need of all her strength and vitality, and in which her chances of life would be very small indeed. It came with planting time, when she and a host of her companions were whisked through a rubber siphon, deposited in a large galvanized iron can, and borne away to the trout stream. Their troubles began before they reached their destination, for they were pretty badly cramped for room, and after a while the supply of oxygen in the water became exhausted. Every last one of them would have

suffocated if the man who had charge of them hadn't noticed what was going on and pumped some fresh air into the water with a bellows. And when they reached the stream matters were a thousand times worse, for the same fishes and frogs and other enemies that had so persecuted our friend and his brothers and sisters were on hand to welcome these new arrivals. But by dint of strength, speed, agility, and good judgment in selecting hiding-places, this particular young trout made her way unharmed through all the dangers of babyhood and early youth, and now she was one of the most beautiful little three-year-old pirates that ever swooped down upon a helpless victim. As she and our friend swam side by side, her nose and the end of her tail were exactly even with his. Her colors were the same that he had worn before he had put on his wedding garment, and if you had seen them together in the early summer, I don't think you could ever have told them apart. They were a well-matched pair.

But they were not to be allowed to set up housekeeping without fighting for the privilege. Hardly had she finished inspecting the nest and made up her mind that it would answer, when a third trout appeared and tried to do as the big bully had done the year before. This time, however, our young friend's blood was up, and though the enemy was considerably larger than he, he was ready to strike for his altars and his fires. It was a comical little duel, down there under the water. One would almost have thought they were at play, rather than fighting for the possession of a wife and a home, for at first they did nothing but make quick rushes and ram each other in the ribs, each one poking his snout into the other's fat sides as if he were trying to tickle him. It seemed only a trial of strength and speed and dexterity; and if our Trout was not quite as powerful as the other, yet he proved himself more than his match in quickness and agility. And then suddenly his mouth opened, and the sharp teeth of his lower jaw tore a row of bright scales from his adversary's side, and left a long, deep gash behind. That settled it.

The nesting season cannot last forever, and by and by, when the days were very short and the nights were very long, and the frost began to take hold, the last trout went in search of better feeding grounds.

One of the Trout's most exciting adventures, and the one which probably taught him more than any other, came in the following summer. The stream had grown rather too warm for comfort, and he had formed the habit of spending a great deal of his time in deep, quiet pools, where icy springs bubbled out of the bank and imparted a delightful coolness to the water. It was delicious to idle away a long, hot July afternoon in the wash below one of these fountains, having a lazy, pleasant time, and enjoying the caressing touch of the cold water as it slid along his body from nose to tail. And one sunshiny day a fly lit on the surface almost directly over his head—a bright, gaily-colored fly of a species which was entirely new to him, but which looked as if it might be very finely flavored. He made a dash and seized it, but he had no sooner got it between his lips than he spat it out again, before the angler had time to strike. Instead of being soft and juicy and luscious, it was stiff and hard and dry, with a long, crooked stinger. It disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and the Trout sank back to the bottom of the pool.

But presently three more flies came down together and lit in a row, one behind another. They were different from the first, and the Trout decided to try his luck once more. He chose the foremost of the three, and found it quite as ill-tasting as its predecessor, but this time the angler's eye and hand were a trifle quicker, and before he could get rid of it the hook was fast in his lip. For the next few minutes he tore around the pool and up and down the stream as if he were crazy, frightening the smaller fishes almost out of their wits.

The first thing he did was to shoot along the surface for several feet, throwing his head from side to side as he went, and doing his best to shake that horrible fly out of his

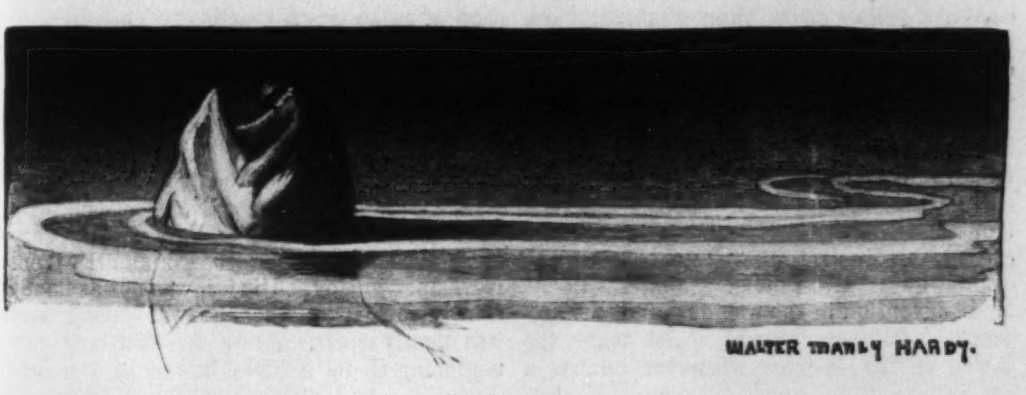
mouth. That didn't help matters in the least, and next he jumped clear out of the water and tried to strike the line with his tail. That was no better, so he rushed off up the stream as hard as he could go, then doubled and dashed away in the other direction, and so went streaking it back and forth as if all the imps of darkness were after him, instead of one pleasant-faced man who was really very good-natured and kind-hearted.

The worst of it was that wherever he went and whatever he did there was always a steady strain on the line—not strong enough to break it or to tear the hook away, but enough to keep him from getting a single inch of slack. If there had been any chance to jerk he would probably have got away in short order. He grew tired after a while, and dived to the bottom of the pool, hoping to lie still for a few minutes, where he could rest and think of some new plan of escape. But that constant tugging on his lip was more than he could stand. It almost seemed as if it would pull the jaw out of his head, and presently he let himself be drawn up again to the surface. Once he was so close to the shore that the angler made a thrust at him with the landing-net, and just grazed his side. It frightened him worse than ever, and he raced away again so fast that the reel sang, and the line swished through the water like a knife.

The other two flies were trailing behind, and the short line that held them was constantly catching on his fins and twisting itself around his tail in a way that annoyed him greatly. And yet, as it finally turned out, it was one of those flies that saved his life. He was coming back from that last unsuccessful rush for liberty, fighting for every inch, and only yielding to a strength a thousand times greater than his own, when the trailer suddenly caught on a sunken log and held fast. Instantly the strain on his mouth relaxed, and he began jerking this way and that, backward and forward, right and left, tearing the hole in his lip a little larger at every yank, until the hook came away and he was free. The wound was a painful one, and he carried the scar as long as he lived, but the lesson he learned was worth all it cost.

The year went by, and the Trout increased in size and strength and wisdom, as a trout should. One after another his rivals disappeared, and at last there was only one left who was larger and stronger than he, and the way the fierce, solemn old brute finally departed this life deserves a paragraph all to itself.

It happened—or rather it began—one morning in early spring—just after the ice had gone out. Our Trout was there, and was feeling a trifle sleepy and lazy after the long, dull winter, though he did not fail to keep an eye open for anything good to eat. I hardly think he would have jumped at a fly, for it was not the proper season for insects, and he was rather methodical in his diet; but almost anything else was welcome. The water was high that day, from the melting snows, and many a delicious grub and earth worm had been washed from the bank by the freshet, only to find its way down the throat of some hungry trout. And presently, what should come drifting along but a poor little field mouse, struggling desperately in a vain effort to swim back to the shore. Once before our friend had swallowed a mouse whole, just as you would take an oyster from the half-shell, and he knew that they were very nice indeed. He made a rush for the



unlucky little animal, and in another minute he would have had him, but just then the big trout ranged up alongside with an air which seemed to say, "That's my meat. You get out of this!"

Our friend obeyed, and the bully gave a leap and seized the mouse, and then—his time had come.

He fought bravely, but he was fairly hooked, and in a few minutes he was out on the bank, gasping for breath, flopping wildly about, and fouling his beautiful sides with sand and dirt. And that was the end of him.

And so our friend became the King of the Trout Stream.

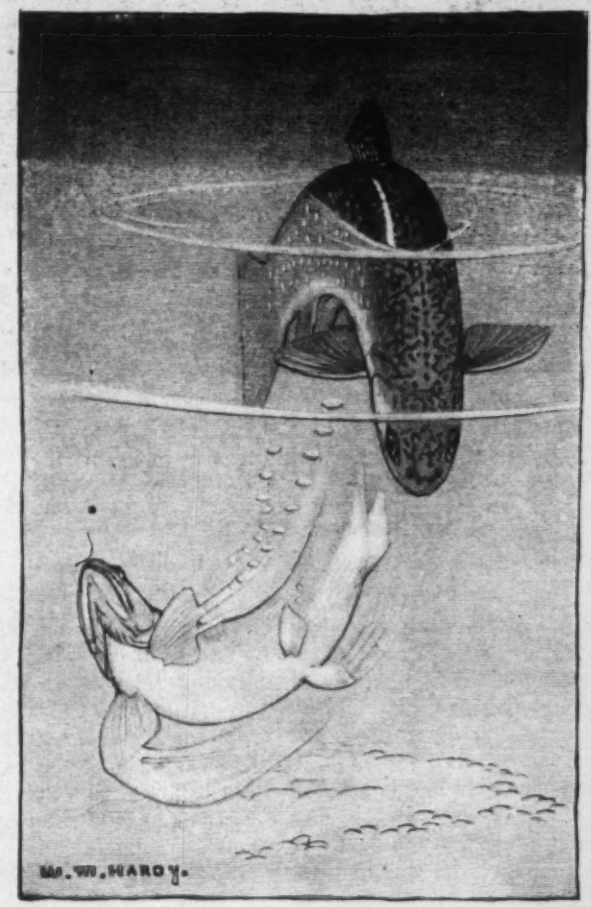
You are not to suppose, however, that he paid very much attention to his subjects, or that he was particularly fond of giving orders. On the contrary, he had become very solitary and hermit-like in his habits. In his youth he had been fond of society, but of late years his tastes seemed to have changed, and he kept to himself, and lurked in the shady, sunless places till his skin grew darker, and he more and more resembled the shadows in which he lived. His great delight was to watch from the depths of some cave-like hollow under an overhanging bank until a herring, or a minnow, or some other baby-eater came in sight, and then to rush out and swallow him head first.

He took ample revenge on all those pesky little fishes for all that they had done and tried to do to him and his brethren in the early days. The truth is that every brook trout is an Ishmaelite. The hand of every creature is against him, from that of the dragon-fly larva to that of the man with the latest invention in the way of patent fishing-tackle. It is no wonder if he turns the tables on his enemies whenever he has a chance, or even if he sometimes goes so far, in his general ruthlessness, as to eat his own offspring.

Yet, in spite of our friend's moroseness and solitary habits, there were certain times and seasons when he did come more or less in contact with his inferiors. In late spring and early summer he liked to sport for a while in the swift rapids—perhaps to stretch his muscles after the dull, quiet life of the winter time, or possibly to free himself from certain little insects which sometimes fastened themselves to his body, and which, for lack of hands, it was rather difficult to get rid of. Here he often met some of his subjects, and later, when the hot weather came on, they all went to the spring-holes which formed their summer resorts. And at such times he never hesitated to take advantage of his superior size and strength. He always picked out the coolest and most comfortable places in the pools, and helped himself to the choicest morsels of food; and the others took what was left, without question. And when the summer was gone, and the water grew cold and invigorating, and once more he put on his wedding garment and hurried away to the gravelly shallows, how different was his conduct from what it had been when he was a yearling! Then he was only a hanger-on; now he selected his nest and his mate to suit himself, and nobody ever dared to interfere.

Other changes had come beside those in his relations to his fellow-trout. The curving lines of his body were not quite as graceful as they once had been, and at times he wore a rather lean and dilapidated appearance, especially during the six months from November to May. His tail was not as handsomely forked as when he was young, but was nearly square across the end, and was beginning to be a little frayed at the cor-

ners. His lower jaw had grown out beyond the upper, and at its extremity it was turned up in a wicked-looking hook which amounted almost to a disfigurement, but which was often very convenient in hustling smaller trout out of the way. Even his complexion had changed, as we have already seen. As to size, he succeeded, after many years of living and ruling, in attaining a weight of nearly three pounds, which made him considerably larger and heavier than his old enemy had been. Altogether, he was less prepossessing than in former days, and decidedly more formidable.



But the two great interests of his every-day life were the same that they had always been—namely, to get enough to eat, and to keep out of the way of his enemies. For enemies he still had, and would continue to have as long as he lived. The fly fishermen came every spring and summer, and only the wisdom born of experience kept him from falling into their hands. Several times he met with an otter, and had to run for his life. Once a bear, fishing for suckers, came near catching a brook trout. He certainly could not complain of any lack of excitement.

And when the end came it was a violent one, and so inglorious that I am almost ashamed to tell it. He, the King of the Trout Stream—he, who had so often run Fate's gauntlet and escaped with his body unharmed and his wits sharper than ever—he, who knew the wiles of the fly fishermen better than any other trout in the river, fell a victim to a little Indian boy with a piece of edging for a rod, coarse string for a line, and salt pork for bait.

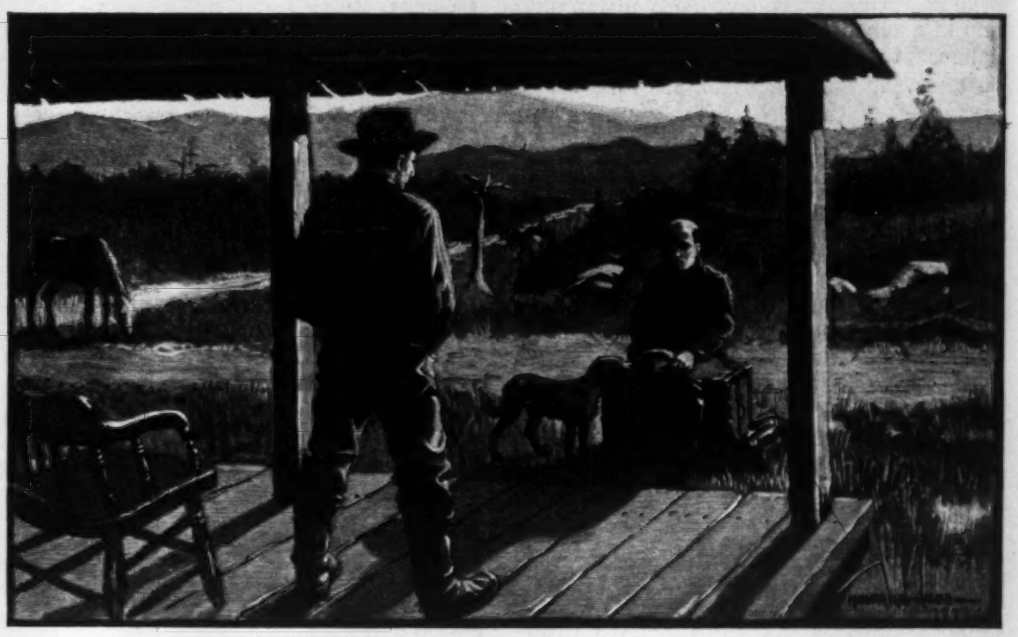
I'm sure it wouldn't have happened if he had stayed at home, but one spring he took it into his head to go on an exploring expedition out into Lake Superior.

I understand that his cousins in the streams of eastern Canada sometimes visit salt water in somewhat the same manner, and that they thereupon lose the bright trimmings of their coats and become a plain silver-gray. Superior did not affect our friend in that way, but something worse happened to him—he lost his common-sense. Perhaps his interest in his new surroundings was so great that he forgot the lessons of wisdom and experience which it had cost him so much to learn.

In the course of his wanderings he came to where a school of yellow perch was loafing in the shadow of a wharf, and just as he pushed his way in among them, that little white piece of fat pork sank slowly down through the green water. It was something new to the Trout, and the perch seemed to think it was good to eat, and so, although the string was in plain sight, and ought to have been a sufficient warning, he exercised his royal prerogative, shouldered those yellow-barred plebeians aside, and took the tid-bit for himself. It is too humiliating; let us draw a veil over that closing scene.

The King of the Trout Stream had gone the way of his fathers, and another reigned in his stead.

"'Can I get a shake-down here for to-night?'"



BILLY'S TENDERFOOT.

By Stewart Edward White,

Author of "The Westerner," "The Blazed Trail," etc.

DURING one spring of the early seventies Billy Knapp ran a species of road house or hotel at the crossing of the Deadwood and Big Horn trails through Custer Valley. Travelers changing from one route to the other frequently stopped there overnight. He sold accommodations for man and beast; the former comprising plenty of whiskey, the latter, plenty of hay. That was the best any one could say of it. The hotel was of logs, two-storied, with partitions of sheeting to insure a certain privacy of sight if not of sound; had three beds and a number of bunks; and boasted of a woman cook—one of the first in the Hills. Billy did not run it long. He was too restless.

The *personnel* of the establishment consisted of Billy and the woman already mentioned, and an ancient Pistol of the name of Charley. The latter wore many firearms, and had a good deal to say, but had never, as Billy expressed it, "made good." This, in the West, could not have been for lack of opportunity. His functions were those of general factotum.

One evening Billy sat chair-tilted against the logs of the hotel, waiting for the stage. By and by it drew in. Charley hobbled out, carrying buckets of water for the horses. The driver flung the reins from him with the lordly insolence of his class, descended slowly, and swaggered to the bar-room for his drink. Billy followed to serve it.

"Luck!" said the driver, and crooked his elbow.

"Anything new?" queried Billy.

"Nope."

"Held up?"

"Nope."

That exhausted the situation. The two men puffed silently for a moment at their pipes. In an instant the driver turned to go.

"I got you a tenderfoot," he remarked casually. "I reckon he's outside."

"Guess I ambles forth and sees what fer a tenderfoot it is," replied Billy, hastening from behind the bar.

The tenderfoot was seated on a small trunk just outside the door. As he held his hat in his hands, Billy could see his dome-like bald head. Beneath the dome was a little pink and white face, and below that were narrow

sloping shoulders, a flat chest, and bandy legs. He wore a light check suit, and a flannel shirt whose collar was much too large for him. Billy took this all in while passing. As the driver climbed to the seat, the hotel-keeper commented.

"Say, Hen," said he, "would you stuff it, or put it under a glass case?"

"I'd serve it *a lay Tooloose*," replied the driver briefly, and brought his long lash 8-shaped across the four startled backs of his horses.

Billy turned to a reinspection of his guest, and met a deprecating smile.

"Can I get a shake-down here for to-night?" he inquired in a high, piping voice.

"You kin," replied Billy shortly, and began to howl for Charley.

That patriarch appeared around the corner, as did likewise the cook, a black-eyed, red-cheeked creature, afterwards counted by Billy as one of his eight matrimonial ventures.

"Snake this stranger's war-bag into th' shack," commanded Billy. "And Nell, jest nat'rally rustle a few grub."

The stranger picked up a small hand-satchel and followed Charley into the building. When, a little later, he reappeared for supper, he carried the hand-bag with him and placed it under the bench which flanked the table. Afterwards he deposited it next his hand while enjoying a pipe outside. Naturally all this did not escape Billy.

"Stranger," said he, "yo' seems mighty wedded to that thar satchel."

"Yes, sir," piped the stranger. Billy snorted at the title. "I has some personal belongings which is valuable to me." He opened the bag and produced a cheap portrait of rather a cheap-looking woman. "My mother that was," said he.

Billy snorted again and went inside. He hated sentiment of all kinds. The two men sat opposite each other and ate supper, which was served by the red-cheeked girl. The stranger kept his eyes on his plate while she was in the room. He perched on the edge of the bench with his feet tucked under him and resting on their toes. When she approached, the muscles of his shoulders and upper arms grew rigid with embarrassment, causing strange, awkward movements of the hands. He answered in monosyllables.

Billy ate expansively and earnestly. Towards the close of the meal Charley slipped into place beside him. Charley was out of humor, and found the meat cold.

"—— —— yore soul! Nell," he cried, "this yere ain't fitten fer a *hog* to eat!"

The girl did not mind, nor did Billy. It was the country's mode of speech. The stranger dropped his knife.

"I don't wonder yo' don't like it, then!" said he, with a funny little flare of anger.

"Meanin' what?" shouted Charley threateningly.

"You shore mustn't speak to a lady that way," replied the stranger firmly, in his little piping voice.

Billy caught the point, and exploded in a mighty guffaw.

"Bully fer you!" he cried, slapping his knee, "struck pyrites (he pronounced it 'pie rights') fer shore that trip, Charley."

The girl, too, laughed, but quietly. She was a little touched, though just this winter she had left Bismarck because the place would have no more of her.

In the face of Billy's approval the old man fell silent.

About midnight the four inmates of the frontier hotel were awakened by a tremendous racket outside. The stranger arose, fully clothed, from his bunk, and peered through the narrow open window. A dozen horses were standing grouped, in charge of a single mounted man, indistinguishable in the dark. Out of the open door a broad band of light streamed from the saloon, whence came the noise of voices and of boots tramping about.

"It is Black Hank," said Billy, at his elbow. "Black Hank and his outfit. He hitches to this yere snubbin' post occasional."

Black Hank in the Hills would have translated to Jesse James farther south.

The stranger turned suddenly energetic.

"Don't you make no fight?" he asked.

"Fight!" said Billy, wondering. "Fight? Co'se not. Hank ain't plunderin' *me* none. He jest ambles along and helps himself, and leaves th' dust fer it every shot. I jest lays low and lets him operate. I never has no *dealin's* with him, understand. He jest nat'rally waltzes in an' plants his grub hooks on what he needs. *I* doesn't know anything about it. *I'm* dead asleep."

He bestowed a shadowy wink upon the stranger.

Below, the outlaws moved here and there.

"Billy!" shouted a commanding voice. "Billy Knapp!"

The hotel keeper looked perplexed.

"Now what's he tollin' *me* for?" he asked of the man by his side.

"Billy!" shouted the voice again, "come down here, you siwash. I want to palaver with you."

"All right, Hank," replied Billy.

He went to his "room" and buckled on a heavy belt, then descended the steep stairs.

The barroom was lighted, and filled with men. Some of them were eating and drinking; others were strapping provisions into portable form. Against the corner of the bar a tall figure of a man leaned, smoking—a man lithe, active, and muscular, with a keen, dark face and black eyebrows which met over his nose. Billy walked directly to this man.

"What is it?" he inquired shortly. "This yere ain't in th' agreement."

"I know that," replied the stranger.

"Then leave yore dust, and vamoose."

"My dust is there," said Black Hank, placing his hand on a buckskin bag at his side, "and you're paid, Billy Knapp. I want to ask you a question. Standing Rock has sent fifty thousand dollars to Buck Tail. The messenger went through here to-day. Have you seen him?"

"Nary messenger," replied Billy, in relief. "Stage goes empty."

Charley had crept down the stairs and into the room.

"What 'n blazes you doin' yere, you ranikaboo ijit?" asked Billy truculently.

"That thar stage ain't what you calls *empty*," observed Charley, unmoved.

A light broke on Billy's mind. He remembered the valise which the stranger had so carefully guarded, and though his common sense told him that an inoffensive non-combatant, such as his guest, would hardly be

"A voice at his shoulder startled him."

chosen as express messenger, still the bare possibility remained.

"Yo're right," he assented carelessly, "thar *is* one tenderfoot, who knows as much of ridin' express as a pig does of war."

"I notices he's almighty particular 'bout that thar carpet bag of his'n," insisted Charley.

The man against the counter had lost nothing of the scene. Billy's denial, his hesitation, his half-truth, all looked suspicious to him. With one swift round sweep of the arm he had Billy covered. Billy's arms shot over his head without the necessity of a command.

The men ceased their occupations and gathered about. Scenes of this sort were too common to elicit comment or arouse excitement. They knew perfectly the *laissez-faire* relations which obtained between the two Westerners.

"Now," said Black Hank angrily, in a low tone, "I want to know why you tried that monkey game."

Billy, wary and unafraid, replied that he had tried no game, that he had forgotten the tenderfoot for a moment, and that he did not believe the latter would prove to be the sought-for express messenger.

One of the men, at a signal from his leader, relieved Billy's belt of considerable weight. Then the latter was permitted to sit on a cracker-box. Two more mounted the little stairs. In a moment they returned to report that the upper story contained no human beings, strange or otherwise, except the girl, but that there remained a small trunk. Under further orders they dragged the trunk down into the barroom. It was broken open and found to contain clothes, of the plainsman's cut, material, and state of wear, a neatly folded Mexican saddle, showing use, and a rawhide quirt.

"Tenderfoot!" said Black Hank contemptuously.

The outlaws had already scattered outside to look for the trail. In this they were unsuccessful, reporting, indeed, that not the faintest sign indicated escape in any direction.

Billy knew his man. The tightening of Black Hank's close-knit brows meant but one thing. One does not gain chieftainship of any kind in the West without propping this ascendancy with acts of ruthless decision. Billy leaped from his cracker-box with the suddenness of the puma, seized Black Hank firmly about the waist, whirled him into a sort of shield, and began an earnest struggle

Black Hank.

for the instant possession of the outlaw's drawn revolver. It was a gallant attempt, but unsuccessful. In a moment Billy was pinioned to the floor, and Black Hank was rubbing his abraded forearm. After that the only question was, whether it should be rope or bullet.

Now, when Billy had gone downstairs, the stranger had wasted no more time at the window. He had in his possession fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks which he was to deliver as soon as possible to the Buck Tail agency in Wyoming. The necessary change of stage lines had forced him to stay over night at Billy Knapp's hotel.

The messenger seized his bag and softly ran along through the canvas-partitioned rooms wherein Billy slept to a narrow window which he had already noticed gave out almost directly into the pine woods. The window was of oiled paper, and its catch baffled him. He knew it should slide back, but it refused to slide for him. He did not dare to break the paper because of the crackling noise. A voice at his shoulder startled him.

"I'll show you," whispered the red-cheeked girl.

She was wrapped loosely in a blanket, her hair falling about her shoulders, and her bare feet showing beneath her coverings. The little man suffered at once an agony of embarrassment in which the thought of his errand was lost. It was recalled to him by the girl.

"There you are!" she whispered, showing him the open window.

"Thank you," he stammered painfully, "I assure you—I wish——"

The girl laughed under her breath.

"That's all right," she said heartily, "I owe you that for calling old whiskers off his bronc," and she kissed him.

The messenger, trembling with self-consciousness, climbed hastily through the window, ran the broad loop of the satchel up his arm, and, instead of dropping to the ground, as the girl had expected, swung himself lightly into the branches of a rather large scrub oak that grew near. She listened to the rustle of the leaves for a moment as he neared the trunk, and then, unable longer to restrain her curiosity in regard to the doings below, turned to the stairway.

As she did so, two men mounted. They examined the rooms of the upper story hastily but carefully, paying scant attention to her, and departed swearing. In a few moments they returned for the stranger's trunk. Nell followed as far as the stairway. There she heard and saw things, and fled in bitter dismay to the back of the house when Billy Knapp was overpowered.

At the window she knelt, clasping her hands and placing her head between her bare arms. Women in the West, at least women like Nell, do not weep. But she came near it. Suddenly she raised her head. A voice next her ear had addressed her.

She looked here and there and around, but could discover nothing.

"Here, outside," came the low, guarded voice. "In the tree."

Then she saw that the little stranger had not stirred from his first sighting-place.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, for startling you or for addressing you at all, which I shouldn't, but——"

"Oh, never mind that!" cried the girl impatiently, shaking back her hair. So deprecating and timid were the tones, that almost without an effort of the imagination she could picture the little man's blushes and his half-sidling method of delivery. At this supreme moment, his littleness and lack of self-assertion jarred on her mood. "What you doin' there? Thought you'd vamoosed."

"It was safest here," explained the stranger. "I left no trail."

She nodded comprehension of the common sense of this.

"But, ma'am, I took the liberty of speakin' to you because you seems to be in trouble. Of course I aint got no right to *ask*, an' if you don't care to tell me——"

"They're goin' to kill Billy!" broke in Nell with a sob.

"What for?"

"I don't jest rightly make out. They're after some one, and they thinks Billy's *cachein'* him. I reckon it's you. Billy ain't *cachein'* nothin'; but they thinks he is."

"Its me they's after, all right enough. Now you knows where I am, why don't you tell them an' save Billy?"

The girl started, but her keen Western mind saw the difficulty at once.

"They thinks Billy pertects you, jest the same."

"Do you love him?" asked the stranger.

"God knows I'm pretty tough," confessed Nell, sobbing, "but I jest do that!" and she dropped her head again.

The invisible stranger in the gloom fell silent, considering.

"I'm a purty rank proposition myself," said he at last, as if to himself, "and I got a job on hand which same I oughta put through without givin' attention on anythin' else. As a usual play, folks don't care for me, and I don't care much for folks. Women especial. They drives me plumb tired. I reckon I don't stack up very high on the blue chips when it comes to cashin' in with that sex, anyhow; but in general they gives me as much notice as they lavishes on a doodle bug. I ain't carin', you understand, nary bit; but onct in a dog's age I kind of hankers for a decent look from one of them. I ain't never had no women folks of my own—never. Sometimes I thinks it would be some scrumptious to know a little gal's waitin' for me somewheres. They ain't none. They never will be. I ain't built that way. You treated me white to-night. You're the first woman that ever kissed me of her own accord."

The girl heard a faint scramble, then the soft *pat* of some one landing on his feet. Peering from the window, she made out a faint shadowy form stealing around the corner of the hotel. She put her hand to her heart and listened. Her understanding of the stranger's motives was vague, but she had caught his confession that her kiss had meant much to him, and even in her anxiety

she felt an inclination to laugh. She had bestowed that caress as she would have kissed the cold end of a dog's nose.

The men below stairs, after some discussion, had decided on bullet. This was out of consideration for Billy's standing as a frontiersman. Besides, he had stolen no horses. In order not to delay matters, the execution was fixed for the present time and place. Billy stood with his back to the logs of his own hotel, his hands and feet bound, but his eyes uncovered. He had never lost his nerve. In the short respite which preparation demanded, he told his opponents what he thought of them.

"Proud?" he concluded a long soliloquy as if to the reflector of the lamp, "Proud?" he repeated meditatively, "This yere Hank's jest that proud he's all swelled up like a poisoned pup. Ain't everyone kin corral a man and git fifty thousand dollars without turnin' a hair."

Black Hank distributed three men to do the business. There were no heroics. The execution of this man was necessary to him, not because he was particularly angry over the escape of the messenger—he expected to capture that individual in due time,—but in order to preserve his authority over his men. He was in the act of moving back to give the shooters room, when he heard the door open and shut.

He turned. Before the door stood a small consumptive-looking man in a light check suit. The tenderfoot carried two short-barreled Colt's revolvers, one of which he presented directly at Black Hank.

"'Nds up!" he commanded sharply.

"'Nds up!" he commanded sharply.

Hank was directly covered, so he obeyed. The new-comer's eye had a strangely restless quality. Of the other dozen inmates of the room, eleven were firmly convinced that the weapon and eye not directed at their leader were personally concerned with themselves. The twelfth thought he saw his chance. To the bewildered onlookers there seemed to be a flash and a bang, instantaneous; then things were as before. One of the stranger's weapons still pointed at Black Hank's breast; the second at each one of the others. Only, the twelfth man, he who had seen his chance, had collapsed forward to the floor. No one could assure himself positively that he had discerned the slightest motion on the part of the stranger.

"Now," said the latter sharply, "one at a time, gentlemen. Drop your gun!" this last to Black Hank. "Muzzle down. Drop it! Correct."

"'I'm layin' for the man that sticks his head outen that door.'"

One of the men in the back of the room stirred slightly on the ball of his foot.

"Steady there!" said the stranger. The man stiffened.

"Next gent," went on the little man, subtly indicating another. The latter obeyed without hesitation. "Next! Now you. Now you in the corner."

One after another the pistols clashed to the floor. Not for an instant could a single inmate of the apartment, armed or unarmed, flatter himself that his slightest motion was overlooked. They were like tigers on the crouch, ready to spring the moment the man's guard lowered. It did not lower. The huddled figure on the floor reminded them of what might happen. They obeyed.

"Step back!" commanded the stranger next. In a moment he had them standing in a row against the wall, rigid, upright, their hands over their heads. Then for the first time the stranger moved from his position by the door.

"Call her," he said to Billy—"the girl."

Billy raised his voice. "Nell! O, Nell!"

In a moment she appeared in the doorway at the foot of the stairs, without hesitation or fear. She had slipped on a dress. When she perceived the state of affairs, she brightened almost mischievously.

"Would you just as soon, ma'am, if it ain't troublin' you too much, just sort of naturally untie Billy?" requested the stranger.

She did so. The hotelkeeper stretched his arms.

"Now pick up them guns, please."

The two set about it.

"Where's that infernal old reprobate?" howled Billy suddenly, looking about for Charley.

The patriarch had quietly slipped away.

"You can drop them arms," advised the stranger, lowering the muzzles of his weapons. The leader started to say something.

"You shut up!" said Billy, selecting his own revolvers from the heap.

The stranger suddenly picked up one of the Colt's single-action revolvers which lay on the floor, and, holding the trigger back against the guard, exploded the six charges by hitting the hammer smartly with the palm of his hand. In the thrusting motion of this discharge he evidently had design, for the first six wine-glasses on Billy's bar were shivered. It was wonderful work, rattling fire, quicker than a self-cocker even. He selected another weapon. From a pile of tomato cans he took one and tossed it into the air. Before it had fallen he had perforated it twice, and as it rolled along the floor he helped its progression by four more bullets which left streams of tomato juice where they had hit. The room was full of smoke. The group watched, fascinated.

Then the men against the wall grew rigid. Out of the film of smoke long, vivid streams flashed towards them, right and left, like the alternating steam of a locomotive's pistons. *Smash, smash! smash, smash!* hit the bullets with regular thud. With the twelfth discharge the din ceased. Midway between the heads of each pair of men against the wall was a round hole. No one was touched.

A silence fell. The smoke lightened and blew slowly through the window and open door. The horses, long since deserted by their guardian in favor of the excitement within, whinnied. The stranger dropped the smoking Colts', and quietly reproduced his own short-barreled arms from his side pockets. Billy broke the spell at last.

"That's *shootin'!*" he observed with a sigh.

"The fifty thousand is outside," said the stranger. "Do you want 'em?"

There was no reply.

"I aims to pull out on one of these here broncs of yours," said he. "Billy, he's all right. He doesn't know nothin' about me."

He collected the six-shooters from the floor.

"I just takes these with me for a spell," he remarked. "You finds them, if you looks hard enough, along on th' trail—likewise your broncs."

He backed towards the door.

"I'm layin' for the man that sticks his head outen that door," he warned.

"Stranger," called Black Hank, as he neared the door.

The little man paused.

"Might I ask your name?"

"My name is Alfred," replied the latter.

Black Hank looked chagrined.

"I've heard tell of you," he remarked.

The stranger's eye ran over the room and encountered that of the girl. He shrank into himself and blushed.

"Good-night," he said hastily, and disappeared. A moment later the beat of hoofs became audible as he led the bunch of horses away.

For an instant no one spoke. Then Billy: "By God, Hank, I means to stand pat with you; but you let that kid alone, or I plugs you!" Billy was the only man armed.

"Kid, huh!" grunted Hank. "Alfred a kid! I've heard tell of him."

"What 've you heard?" inquired the girl.

"He's the plumb best scout on the southern trail, and the best pistol shot in the West," replied Black Hank.

The year following, Billy Knapp, Alfred, and another man named Jim Buckley, took across to the Hills the only wagon train that dared set out that summer.

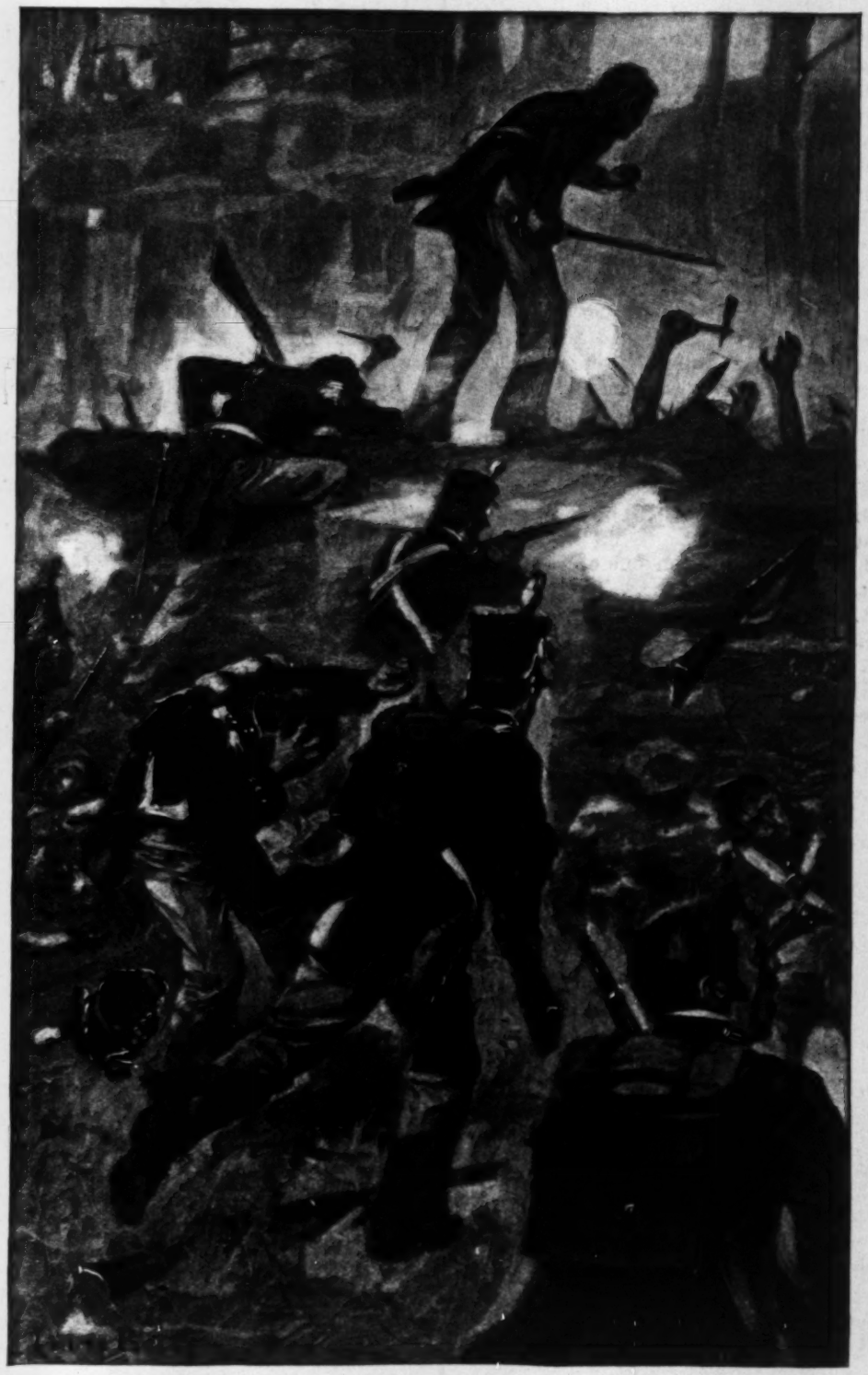
A SONG.

By Herminie Templeton.

All the laughter and the play
Vanish when you go away,
All the sorrow and the pain
Linger till you come again.

All the fever and the strife,
All the fretful things of life
Fly before the songs you sing;
I live upon the joys you bring.

Go not, Love, for life drifts fast;
May-time days are soonest past;
Winter hath but hoarded cheer;
Stay! I need you always, dear.



"HE GAINED THE TOP AND STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN FULL VIEW."

SAM HOUSTON AND HIS BATTLES.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "Colonial Fights and Fighters," "American Fights and Fighters," etc.

I.

TOHOPEKA, OR THE BATTLE OF HORSESHOE BEND.

ON the morning of the 27th of March, 1814, that most redoubtable of Indian fighters, General Andrew Jackson, at the head of an army of 2,000 regulars and volunteers, arrived before the most formidable fortification which had ever been erected by savage warriors on the American continent. One hundred and sixty miles from the ragged edges of civilization, in the heart of the Alabama wilderness, the Creek Indians, one of the most powerful and intelligent of the Southern savage tribes, had chosen to make a final stand in the war they had entered upon at the instigation of Tecumseh, and under the influence of the fanatical ravings of his brother, the prophet.

Their spirit had remained unbroken by the reverses of the previous year, and after the withdrawal and dispersion of the American levies they had continued ravaging the border. A determined effort was needed to crush them into subjugation.

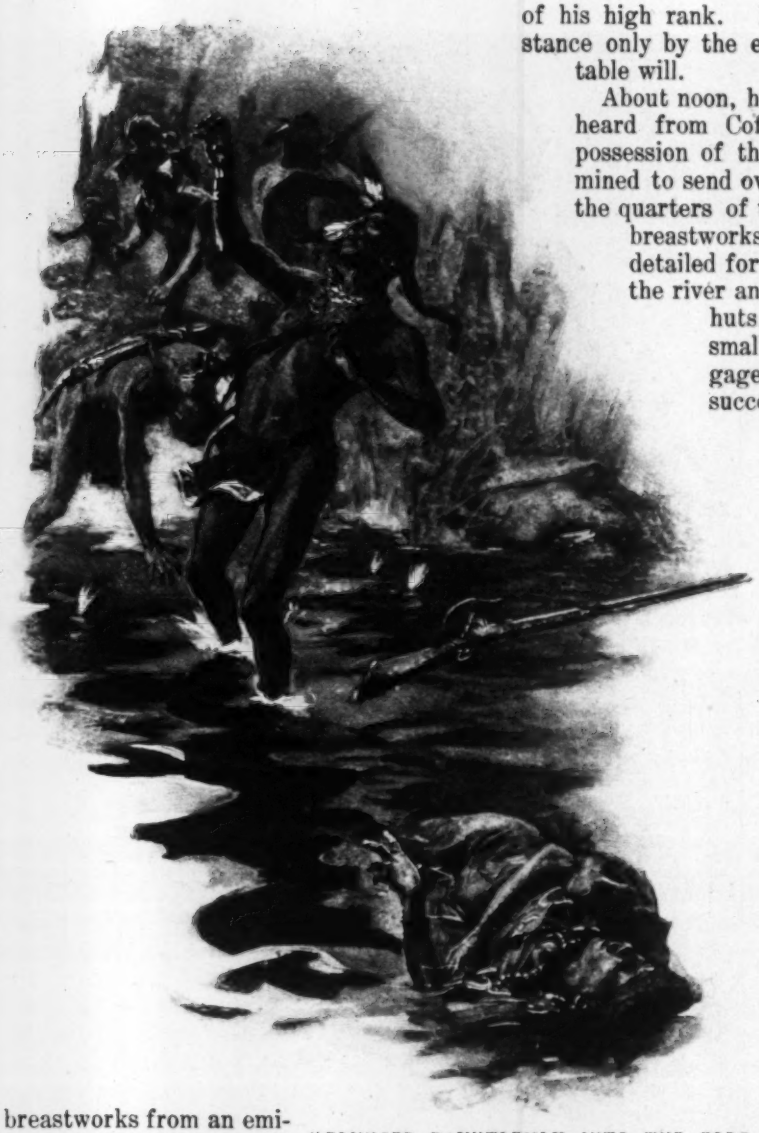
To Jackson was entrusted this duty. The Creeks, with spirit undaunted, concentrated their forces and resolved to stake their cause on one last desperate effort. The spot in which they had elected to make their stand was singularly well adapted for defense. Near the middle of the eastern side of the present State the Tallapoosa River, an affluent of the Alabama, bends sharply, inclosing about 100 acres of ground in the shape of a horseshoe, called from that fact To-ho-pe-ka by the Indians. At the neck of the peninsula, 350 yards across, the Indians had erected a breastwork of logs about six feet high, piled in zigzag fashion, the interstices filled with smaller timber and brushwood. By the construction of this breastwork, an enfilading fire was secured. The breastwork had been pierced with two rows of loopholes.

In that season the Tallapoosa was unfordable. The Indians had secured all the canoes on their side of the river, and the height of the shore presented a further obstacle to any attack from the rear. Within the inclosure were gathered some 900 warriors, the flower of the nation; indeed, practically the last of it, with 300 women and children.

Three prophets had promised immunity from the white man's bullet. The promise may have added to their determination. The savages were well provided with rifles and muskets, and with ample food, and an unlimited water supply, they confidently awaited the American attack.

The outlook when Jackson arrived at the fort was sufficiently forbidding, yet he was quick to see that once he could effect a lodgment in the bend, or get across the breastworks, the Indians were trapped! The Creeks reasoned that if Jackson succeeded in rushing the intrenchment they could retreat by the river. Jackson took care of that. He despatched General Coffee with 700 horsemen by a circuitous route to a ford of the river, which had been discovered by one of the friendly Cherokees. The cavalry succeeded in gaining the rear of the Indian position unobserved. Some of the bolder Cherokees swam the river, cut the fastenings of the canoes, and towed them to the other bank.

Meanwhile Jackson, about half after ten in the morning, had opened fire upon the



"PLUNGED DAUNTLESSLY INTO THE FORD, ONLY TO BE MET BY THE WITHERING FIRE FROM COFFEE'S RIFLEMEN."

breastworks from an eminence, about eighty yards distant, with the two cannon of his army, a three and a six-pounder. The Indians laughed in derision as the little cannon-balls buried themselves harmlessly in the huge logs of the barricade. His men clamored to be allowed to storm the breastwork, but Jackson with his usual hard-headed common sense, refused.

This hesitation arose from no lack of courage on the part of Jackson. He was even then suffering from a terrible wound which he had received in a duel. His shoulder had been so dreadfully shattered, that during this campaign he could scarcely bear even the weight of a coat-sleeve on it; and in all his military experiences he was never able to wear the heavy bullion epaulets of his high rank. He kept up in this instance only by the exercise of his indomitable will.

About noon, however, the main army heard from Coffee. After obtaining possession of the canoes he had determined to send over a party to beat up the quarters of the Indians behind the breastworks. Colonel Morgan was detailed for this duty. He passed the river and set fire to the Indian huts. His band was too small for a sustained engagement, and the Indians succeeded in driving him off, and holding to their breastwork. The whole force, however, had been disorganized, and now, if ever, was the time for an advance. Jackson gave the signal.

It was about half after twelve when the drummers beat the long roll. The eager men scrambled through the broken and heavily timbered ground on the run. The Thirty-ninth United States, under Colonel Williams, took one side, and the East Tennessee brigade of volunteers, under General Bunch, the other. Jackson on horseback led them. They succeeded in reaching the rampart, though not without severe loss. The men poked their guns through the port-holes and fired point-blank at the Indians, who returned the fire.

This interchange of shots could, however, determine nothing. Something had to be done, and done quickly. Two officers leaped for the top of the breastworks. The first, Major L. P. Montgomery, of the Thirty-ninth Infantry, had scarcely reached the top when he pitched forward, a bullet in his head —the first man over! The second was Ensign Sam Houston, of Tennessee, then but twenty years old. He gained the top and stood for a moment in full view. Rifles

cracked, bullets sang about him, and an arrow made a deep wound in his thigh. Sword in hand, he leaped down amid the Indians. He was at once followed by a portion of his men. On the other flank the volunteers emulated the example of the regulars, and the breastwork was finally gained.

But the savages were not defeated. The bend was heavily wooded and filled with brush heaps and log huts, and every house, every brush heap, every tree, every copse, became a rallying-point for defense. The woods were filled with flame and smoke, into which the Americans plunged. Conscious of his wound at last, Houston leaned against the breastwork and begged his lieutenant to pull out the arrow. The lieutenant made two efforts, but failed on account of the barbs. Maddened by the pain, Houston raised his sword and vowed he would cut him down if he failed again. The lieutenant jerked the arrow from the wound. It was followed by a gush of blood, which left the boy nearly helpless.

He scrambled over the breastworks again, and went back to the surgeons. Jackson saw him and ordered him to retire. The boy implored permission to return when the flow of blood was stanched, but Jackson curtly refused. The battle was still raging. It was too much for Houston. As soon as he was released by the surgeon he deliberately disobeyed his orders, scrambled over the breastworks, found his company, and continued the fight.

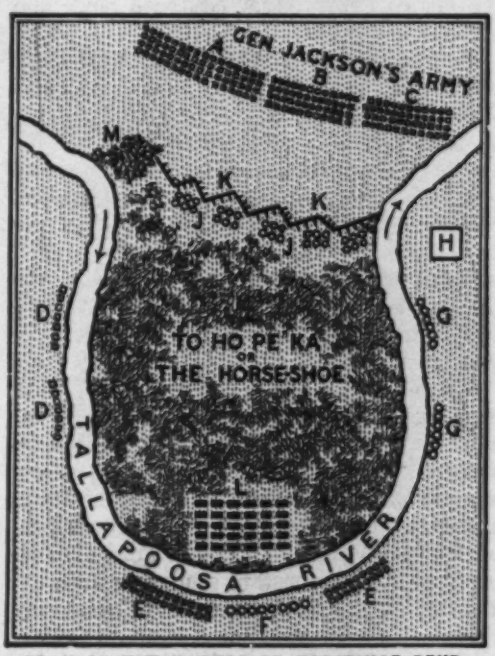
It was all over but the killing. No one asked for quarter, no one appears to have thought of surrender. As the Creeks were forced from line to line, those alive at last reached the river bank. Their canoes were gone, but they plunged dauntlessly into the ford, only to be met by the withering fire from Coffee's riflemen, on the farther side.

Jackson was not the merciless man he was popularly supposed to be, and he did his utmost to stop the carnage; but it was impossible to get hold of his men; and the Indians themselves, in their proud disdain to ask for quarter, rendered his efforts abortive. The battle stopped about three o'clock in the afternoon. It stopped because one side had been wiped out. In its ending was seen its most dramatic feature.

A party of desperate Indians took position in a deep ravine near the river bank, which had been covered by heavy logs. The only way to get at them was by a rush at the entrance. Jackson called for volunteers. No one responded until young Sam Houston, in spite of his wound, sprang to the front. Seizing a musket and calling upon the men to follow him he made a rush at the intrenchment. The men stopped after going a few feet, and Houston ran forward alone. Raising his piece to fire, he received the entire discharge of the Indians. Two bullets struck him, one in the arm, the other in the shoulder. His musket fell from his hand and he stood helpless. Seeing at last that he was unsupported, he deliberately turned around, walked back out of range and fell helpless. No one else tried to rush that position. The Americans set fire to the logs, thus forcing the Indians into the open, where they were killed.

The battle was over. Of the 900 warriors, 557 were killed outright, and their bodies were found where they had fallen. There do not seem to have been any wounded to speak of. It is estimated that over 200 were shot or drowned in the river, and probably nearly all of the few who succeeded in getting away perished in the surrounding woods. There was no more Creek War, for there were no more Creeks.

The Americans lost in killed and wounded a little over 200. Among the most seriously wounded was Sam Houston. The surgeons, deeming his wounds mortal, paid little atten-



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF HORSESHOE BEND

A Branches' Regiment.
B Thirty-ninth Regiment.
C Militia.
DD Russell's Spies.
EE Coffee's Command.
F and *G* Friendly Indians.
H Women and Children.
JJ Creek Warriors.
KK Breastwork.
L Cabins.
M Covered Ravine.

tion to him. They did extract one bullet, but made no attempt to probe for the other. He lay all night on the ground with little or no care.

In the morning, to their great surprise, finding him still alive, they put him on a rude litter, and carried him seventy miles, to Fort Williams. He survived the journey. At Fort Williams he was attended with the rude surgery of the frontier. Two months after the battle he reached his home in West Tennessee, after a journey of several hundred miles in a horse litter! His own mother did not recognize him. But he lived to take part in a more important and more famous battle, in which he was the commander instead of a subaltern.

II.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MAN.

SAM HOUSTON came of a North of Ireland family, a place which may justly boast of the ancestry of such men as Stark of the Revolution, Crockett of the Alamo, and Jackson himself. The family was one of consideration, entitled to coat armor in the old country. Though they did not belong to the landed gentry, they had been large and prosperous farmers.

Houston's father was an officer of the brigade of riflemen that Morgan led to Washington's assistance from the right bank of the Potomac. His mother was one of those pioneer women of superb physique, high principles, and strength of mind and courage to match. After the death of her husband, when Sam, who was born in 1793, was but thirteen years old, she took the family over the Alleghanies, and settled on the borders of the Cherokee Nation, in western Tennessee.

Sam's educational opportunities were meager, but he made the best of them, and with the Bible, the "Iliad," Shakespeare, "Pilgrim's Progress," and later, when he was commander-in-chief of the Texan army, Cæsar's Commentaries—in translation, of course—he gave himself a good grounding. He was a constant student in his way, and when he became Governor of Tennessee, President of Texas, United States Senator, Governor of Texas, etc., he had no occasion to blush when placed beside the most distinguished men of his time.

According to some, his unwillingness to clerk in a country store, according to others, the refusal of his older brothers to permit him to study Latin, caused him to abandon civilization and cast his lot in with the Cherokees, whose territory lay adjacent to his home. He was adopted into the family of a chief, and for a long period lived a savage life. At different intervals during his career he resumed his relations with them, on one occasion taking a wife from among them, who afterwards died leaving no children.

After several years with the Cherokees, he returned to civilization and opened a country school, at the age of eighteen. His pluck was greater than his attainments, but the school was successful, and he was enabled to raise the tuition fee from six to eight dollars per year, one third payable in corn, one third in cash, and one third in cotton goods or other kind. He once said, after he had filled almost every elective position except that of President of the United States, that he experienced a higher feeling of dignity and self-satisfaction as a schoolmaster than at any other period of his life.

Tiring of school-teaching he enlisted in the army, and soon won promotion to the rank of ensign. After his early exploits he resigned from the service, one of the reasons being on account of a severe and merited rebuke, which he received for appearing before the Secretary of War dressed like a wild Indian! He was always a dandy, although at times he affected peculiar and striking costumes which his great height and imposing presence enabled him to wear without inspiring ridicule. When he was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee, in 1827 he wore, "a tall bell-crowned, medium-brimmed, shining black beaver hat, shining black patent-leather military stock and cravat incased by a standing collar, ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk pants gathered to the waistband, with legs full, same size from seat to ankle, and a gorgeous red-ground, many-colored gown or Indian hunting shirt, fastened at the waist by a huge red sash covered with fancy bead work, with an immense silver buckle, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps with large silver buckles. Mounted on a superb dapple-gray horse, he appeared at the election unannounced, and was the observed of all observers."

When he was Senator of the United States it was his habit to wear, in addition to the ordinary clothing of a gentleman of the times, an immense Mexican sombrero and colored blanket, or serape.

While candidate for reëlection as Governor

of Tennessee, he abandoned his young wife after six weeks of married life, and once more sought asylum with the Cherokees. He explicitly stated that no reflection upon the character or conduct of the lady was implied or expressed by his conduct. When he came back to civilization, he became involved in a quarrel with Representative Stanberry, whom he publicly caned. For his conduct he was formally censured at the bar of Congress. It is surmised that he provoked the quarrel for the notoriety it brought, for he said:

"I was dying out once, and had they taken me before a justice of the peace and fined me ten dollars for assault and battery, it would have killed me; but they gave me a national tribunal for a theater, and that set me up again."

Like many men of great physical vigor, he was much given to excess. The Indians expressed their contempt for his dissipated habits by naming him the "Big Drunk," but drunk or sober, he was always Sam Houston. People used to say that he really signed his name "I am Houston." After he was converted, however—at the instance of his third wife, who married him to reform him, and did so—he entirely stopped drinking, and demeaned himself to the end of his life as a sincere and humble Christian.

In one particular he was remarkable among his contemporaries. He had the greatest reluctance to resort to the duel. He had to endure many bitter criticisms on this account; his courage was even impugned.

His grandiloquent mind invested the slightest occurrence with majesty. A friend of his gave him a razor, which he received with these words:

"Major Rector, this is apparently a gift of little value, but it is an inestimable testimony of the friendship which has lasted many years, and proved steadfast under the blasts of calumny and injustice. Good-by. God bless you. When next you see this razor it shall be shaving the President of the Republic, by G—d!"

His manner toward ladies was as magnificent as his person, his dress, his oratory. His habitual word of address to them was "lady."

After his supersession as Governor of Texas, because of his unwillingness to allow the State to go out of the Union, when the Confederacy established a stringent law requiring all men to register and obtain a pass, Houston paid no attention to the order. When an officer demanded his pass, the old man waved him aside in his most Olympian manner, saying: "San Jacinto is my pass through Texas."

He was one of the best campaign speakers that America has ever produced. His wit is well illustrated by the following:

A former friend had betrayed him, and when the traitor's character was assailed on account of his ingratitude, Houston remarked: "You mustn't be too hard on S——. I always was fond of dogs, and S—— has all the virtues of a dog except his fidelity."

He may fairly be called a statesman; he most certainly can be styled an orator, and a little verse which he wrote to a relative illustrates that he was not deficient in the arts and graces. It is worth quoting:

"Remember thee?
Yes, lovely girl.
While faithful memory holds its seat,
Till this warm heart in dust is laid,
And this wild pulse shall cease to beat,

"AFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, . . . SHE TOOK THE FAMILY OVER THE ALLEGHANIES."

"LAMAR WITH HIS HANDFUL OF HORSE HAD ROUTED THE MEXICAN CAVALRY."

No matter where
my bark is tost
On life's tempestu-
ous stormy sea,
My anchor gone,
my rudder lost,
Still, cousin, I will
think of thee."

Houston did everything in his power to prevent the secession of Texas in 1861, but when she left the Union he went with her. We can understand him, Texas was like his own child. He died in reduced circumstances in 1863, his last years embittered by the too-evident failure of the Confederacy and the discords which tore his beloved country in twain. Few Americans have been so written about, and few have deserved it more. Though he did not rise to the solitary height to which the title of greatness accrues, yet he was one of the most eminent men of his time, and his services are held in undying remembrance. Pass we to the second great day of his life.

III.

SAN JACINTO, A DECISIVE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

AROUSED at last by the pleadings of his better nature, he determined to abandon his loose, drunken, savage way of life with the Cherokees and go to Texas. It is believed that he went there at the instigation of President Jackson. A man of such prominence could not fail to attract attention in a country like Texas, and he was presently made commander-in-chief of the Texan army. After the capture of The Alamo and the terrible massacre at Goliad, Santa Anna deemed that the Texan revolution had been crushed, and it was only upon the urgent representations

of some of his generals, that he agreed to march farther eastward and complete the subjugation of the country. Houston with a small body of Texans, numbering less than 1,000, was encamped at the crossing of the Colorado River, near Bastrop, whither he had retired from Gonzales.

The Mexicans were regular soldiers, trained in the latest European methods, and led by a successful commander. The Texans were a body of undrilled, untrained frontiersmen, armed with their rifles and bowie knives, with no artillery, no bayonets, no camp equipage to speak of. There was but one drum in the whole camp, and Houston did the drumming himself.

If the Texans moved forward to attack Santa Anna, the Mexican would immediately concentrate his force, and Houston would have to engage the whole Mexican power with his handful of men. If, on the contrary, Houston retreated, the probabilities were that Santa Anna, disdaining the little Texan army, would divide his force in order to seize as many points as possible; when Houston might find an opportunity of destroying it in detail.

It was a bold plan, and the boldness lay in this: it is immensely difficult to hold together in retreat an army which has but little organic coherence and is mainly undisciplined and irregular. The men grumbled at being marched back, and a panic pervaded the country. Everybody sought to escape from the Mexican advance. The flight of the inhabitants passed into history as the "Runaway Scrape."

The Mexicans did as Houston imagined. Santa Anna, finding that Houston was in retreat, had divided his force in three columns, and despatched them in different directions, leading the center column himself, to raid and capture Harrisburg. The Texan army was now reduced to less than 700 men. The retreat was conducted under the greatest difficulties. Up the valley of the Brazos, over the rain-sodden prairies, the men toiled. Finally, some distance up the river, they found a little steamer called the "Yellowstone," which they seized, and by means of it crossed the river.

Santa Anna, advancing with imperious energy, appeared in force before the Austin defenders, who set fire to the town and promptly retreated. The Mexicans, by a ruse, crossed the Brazos, whereafter Santa Anna, taking no account of Houston to the northward, pushed on to Harrisburg.

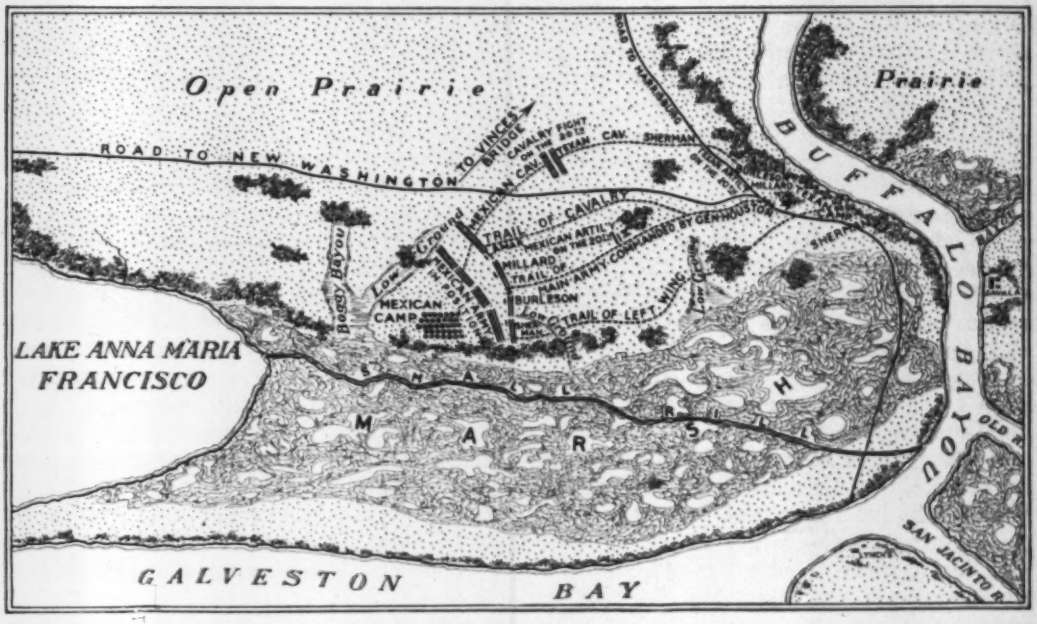
Houston had been reënforced by a small body of men, two cannon, six-pounders, called the "Twin Sisters," sent by the citizens of Cincinnati and the Secretary of War. The governor at Harrisburg apprised of Santa Anna's rapid advance barely escaped. Despatching a regiment to head off the President, Santa Anna marched on toward New Washington. Houston, however, was marching toward the same town. The mutinous Texan companies came rushing back, and raised his force to about 750 men.

Houston's strategy had proven his wisdom. Santa Anna was now in the heart of Texas with a force not too great for the Texans to meet. The forced march to catch him was a terrible one even to these men inured to the vicissitudes of frontier life. The rains still continued, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the baggage wagons and artillery could be transported. Houston himself dismounted and put his own shoulder to the wheel. He told them that the opportunity they had craved was at last at hand to strike a blow which would result in the freedom of the Republic. On the 18th of April, 1836, the army reached Buffalo Bayou, then unfordable, opposite the ruins of Harrisburg, which Santa Anna had destroyed.

A celebrated scout named Deaf Smith met them here with a bagful of captured despatches, which showed that Santa Anna was with the force which had burned Harrisburg, and was marching to New Washington. Houston was overjoyed. Could he but capture the Mexican commander-in-chief, he would be able to dictate terms of peace. Leaving his baggage wagons with a guard, he prepared to cross the bayou, taking with him the two cannon and a single ammunition wagon. In one leaky boat, and upon a rude timber raft they succeeded in ferrying over the army. By nightfall they were on the march toward the junction of Buffalo Bayou with the San Jacinto River, at a place called Lynch's Ferry, where they hoped to head off the Mexicans.

The tired army marched twelve miles that night. Houston allowed his soldiers but a few hours for repose, and before dawn they started again and marched seven miles. Upon receipt of intelligence that the Mexican army was at hand, they left off preparations for breakfast and marched posthaste to the ferry, across San Jacinto Bay, a little below the point where the Buffalo joins the river.

They reached it before the Mexicans. Six men captured a flatboat loaded with flour and filled with Mexicans. The cargo was a



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

welcome contribution to the American commissariat, for they were almost literally without anything to eat.*

They now turned back up the Buffalo for about three-quarters of a mile, where Houston posted his army in a strong position in a thick wood on the edge of the bayou. In front of the camp lay a stretch of prairie broken by three clumps of trees, known as islands. On the left was the broad arm of San Jacinto Bay, the marshy shores of which swept around to the south in front of them a mile away. The marsh grew wider to the southwest. Beyond the tree islands lay another clump of trees terminating in the marshland. The country to the southwest was also marshy and impassable. The road up which they had marched led across a deep ravine with high banks called Vince's Creek. The road crossed this creek on a wooden bridge about eight miles from the battleground.

Santa Anna, with some 1,200 of his men, was in New Washington when his scouts brought word that the American forces were at hand. A panic ensued, extending from the general to the soldiery; but as the day wore on and no attack was made the Mexicans recovered their self-control, and marched toward Lynch's Ferry to meet the enemy. The Mexican advance came in touch with the Texans on the afternoon of the 20th. Santa Anna's artillery consisted of one nine-pounder. There was a fruitless duel between this gun and the "Twin Sisters," and some cavalry skirmishing which was not unimportant, in that it gave one Mirabeau B. Lamar an opportunity to distinguish himself under fire by the daring rescue of a comrade. He was immediately promoted to the rank of colonel by Houston and given command of the sixty horse which comprised the Texan cavalry.

No attempt was made to bring on a general engagement that day. Santa Anna desired time to bring up a reënforcement of 500 men. Houston is reported to have said that he wanted the Mexicans to bring up their whole available force, that he might not be compelled to make "two bites at a cherry." Santa Anna encamped in the woods to the south of the Texans, his right resting on the marshes, which extended around his rear. He refused his left slightly, and protected his front by a flimsy intrenchment of pack saddles, baggage, etc., in the center of which he planted his nine-pounder. His cavalry, several hundred in number, he posted on the left.

On the morning of the 21st of April, 500 men under General Cos marched up the road from Vince's Bridge and joined Santa Anna. Houston had fully decided upon his course.

* There is a legend to the effect that after the battle Houston exhibited an ear of corn to Santa Anna with the question: "Sir, do you ever expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, whose general can march four days with one ear of corn for rations?" The story goes on to say that the men begged the ear from the general, divided its kernels, planted them, and that Texas is full of San Jacinto corn to this day.

He called Deaf Smith to him, and bade him and a companion named Reeves procure two axes and hold themselves for orders. The Texans waited thinking the Mexicans, outnumbering them over two to one, would attack them. But Santa Anna made no movement, and Houston called a council of war. The two junior officers were in favor of attacking at once. All of the seniors said that it would be madness to attack regular and veteran soldiery with undrilled levies, pointing out that there were but 200 bayonets in the Texan army, and that they had a good strong defensive position where they were.

Houston heard the discussion in silence. He had already made up his mind. He called Smith and Reeves to him, and secretly ordered them to go and cut down Vince's Bridge. In other words, he deliberately destroyed the only practicable means of escape for either army. By his action the battle which ensued was fought in an inclosure made by Buffalo Bayou on the north, San Jacinto Bay on the east, the marshes and waste land on the south, and Vince's Creek on the west.

At half after three o'clock the men were drawn up on the prairie. Colonel Burleson with the first regiment occupied the center. Colonel Sherman was on the left with the second regiment with the two pieces of artillery posted on the right of Colonel Burleson's men. The guns were supported by four companies of infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Millard. The newly celebrated Lamar occupied the right line with his cavalry. Secretary Rusk had command of the left, while Houston led the center.

At four o'clock Houston gave the order to advance. The band, which consisted of the solitary drum of famous memory, reënforced by a single fife, struck up a popular air entitled "Will You Come to the Bower?" The men with their guns a-trail advanced slowly, until they passed the timber islands and appeared in view of the surprised Mexicans. Then they broke into a run. Houston dashed up and down the lines on horseback, waving his old white hat,* and shouting profanely, but emphatically, "G—d d—n you, hold your fire!"

When they were within 200 feet of the Mexican line Deaf Smith tore madly on the field, and shouted in tones that could be heard all along the line: "You must fight for your lives! Vince's Bridge has been cut down!" Like Cortez, Houston had burned his boats behind him. If they did not conquer, they would be like the army of Sennacherib, "all dead corpses."

The Mexican camp was a picture of consternation. Santa Anna was asleep; many of the officers were taking their afternoon siesta; the cavalrymen were watering their horses; the company cooks were preparing for the evening meal; the soldiers were playing games. As they discovered the Texans, they ran to their arms, and delivered a wavering volley, which did almost no execution. One bullet struck Houston in the ankle making a bad wound, and several others hit his horse, but nothing could stop the advance. Before the Mexicans could discharge their cannon the Americans struck the place.

The "Twin Sisters" had delivered two well-aimed shots, which had demolished a large portion of the flimsy barricade. As they reached the rampart the Texans fired point-blank at the huddled Mexicans. The volley did fearful execution. Before the Spanish could fly, the fierce faces of the Americans burst upon them through the smoke, and with clubbed muskets, a few bayonets, and many bowie-knives, began their dreadful work. One cry ran over the field with ever-increasing volume, until it drowned the roar of the guns:

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Remember La Bahia!"

Inspired to fury by the recollection of the cruel massacres in which these men had participated, the Americans swept everything before them. In fifteen minutes the Mexican army was either dead or on the run. Lamar with his handful of horse had routed the Mexican cavalry. Horsemen were galloping headlong down the road toward Vince's Bridge pursued by the mounted Americans. The infantry on the Mexican right plunged into the marshes, only to be slaughtered as they stood enmired.

Santa Anna fled toward Vince's Bridge, hotly pursued by Captain Karnes. When the fugitives found the crossing destroyed they faced about, but the pursuing Texans slaughtered them without mercy. A few, however, Santa Anna among the number, leaped recklessly into the ravine, and managed to escape.

The Mexican army had been completely routed. Six hundred and thirty bodies were left on the field. Two hundred and eight lay wounded. There were 730 prisoners, a

* On this day Houston wore "an old black coat, a black velvet vest, a pair of snuff-colored pantaloons, and dilapidated boots," with his trousers tucked in them. "His only badge of authority during the campaign was a sword with a plaited scabbard, which he tied to his belt with buckskin thongs."

few fugitives, and many unknown and unaccounted for, who died in the marshes or rivers. The total Mexican force had been about 1,800. Of Texans there were just 783, of whom eight were killed and twenty-three wounded!

Santa Anna was captured next day, and, with him in possession, the war was over and the independence of Texas accomplished.

Old Sam Houston had not read Cæsar's Commentaries for nothing. His masterly retreat from the enemy was a splendid manœuver. He showed that he knew how to carry the shield of Fabius; and his forced march and the brilliant workmanlike manner in which he planned and fought the battle, his daring in staking all upon the hazard by destroying his only means of retreat, showed that he wielded the sword of Marcellus as well.

ON THE DRY TORTUGAS.

STORIES OF MILITARY PRISONERS AND OF THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS.

By Captain W. R. Prentice.

OF those who participated in the struggle which in American History will always be known as the Great Civil War, there still remains, North and South, a vast army of old men. Within a few years these will have followed their former leaders, nearly all of whom were mustered out years ago to take service in the great army of the dead. Much that is real history has been written of the campaigns that began in 1861 and ended in 1865; much more that is in danger of being counted historical has gone into print.

The bivouac, the camp, the march, the skirmish, the battlefield, the hospital, alike have given up their tale. Even the camps of "prisoners of war," those dreary confines of homesick men, have furnished material for volumes of thrilling narrative. There remains, so far as the writer knows, but one unwritten story—a humble and, for the most part, a sad one, to make complete the annals of the war.

The Tortugas islands, seven in number, were acquired by the United States along with the Florida purchase. They are merely the tops of coral reefs. The largest has an area of not more than ten acres, and all rise but a few feet above the surface of the ocean. They are practically barren, and entirely destitute of fresh water—hence the name, "Dry Tortugas." They are approachable only by deep, narrow, and tortuous channels, winding and turning among the sunken reefs which separate the islands. No ships undertake to approach them by night, and their inaccessibility long made them the haunt of Gulf pirates. Barren and swept by West India hurricanes, they are seldom visited; but, as they lie close to the track of all that Gulf commerce which passes through the Florida Strait, unoccupied, they were a menace to navigators. For this reason our Government early began there the construction of one of those old-time fortifications, built of brick and stone, of which Fort Sumter was a type. Fort Jefferson entirely covers Garden Key, and, at a distance of forty feet, is surrounded by a sea wall built up from the reef to about four feet above high-water mark. Between this wall and the fort is the moat, or ditch, always filled with water to the depth of perhaps ten feet. The fort is nearly a quadrilateral, but has many projecting angles, and was intended to mount more than 300 guns. In 1865 the work of construction was still going on, although a large part of the guns were in place.

Here, by the summer of 1865, had been gathered more than 400 men, sentenced to hard labor for every conceivable offense or crime, for terms from one month to "life." An officer could be cashiered, a private never. His offenses must be punished by the guard-house, death, or the Tortugas. It often happened that a poor fellow's term of sentence had expired before, in the slow process of transportation, he had reached his destination. Fort Jefferson's prisoners were the more numerous because of several

special features of our army. Our volunteers learned stern military etiquette very slowly, and volunteer officers, dressed in a little brief authority, were often inhumanly severe on ignorant or half-ignorant breaches of discipline. By the time that experience had modified this state of things, the draft was pouring into the army much depraved material, a portion of which quickly reached the Dry Tortugas.

The war was over. At Washington the "Grand Review" had passed; a victorious army had been disbanded, and the shattered remnant of Lee's and Longstreet's veterans had vanished. At New Orleans sat Phil Sheridan, watching that unfortunate European prince then masquerading in Mexico, on whom notice of eviction had been served. And, sweltering in their bivouacs among the sand dunes at Apalachicola, Florida, was one regiment of New York volunteers, who had been recruited in the summer of 1862. Their term of service had expired; their homes 2,000 miles away awaited their coming. They had celebrated the national anniversary, but, weary of questioning when their discharges were to come, they had grown sick at heart over hope deferred, until the hospitals were full of men fast losing their grip on life. The heat, day by day, grew more intense; the fleas and mosquitoes more ravenous. One night a trim ocean steamer worked its way inside the bar and dropped anchor. Immediately the cry went up "Home! Home!" and men began to pack their belongings for the long voyage, never doubting, not even questioning. A lighter came up the little bay and made the landing. An officer stepped on shore and made his way to the colonel's tent. Soon his business leaked out. "The ——st New York will pack up at once and take passage for the Dry Tortugas, there to relieve the ——th New York Volunteers!" One man deserted, a few wept, more swore; the majority accepted the disappointment with that stoicism which inevitably becomes a part of every good soldier's nature.

Long after noon the next day we saw dead ahead, rising out of the quiet sea, first the lighthouse and then the red brick walls of Fort Jefferson.

The officers of the regiment were quartered in large, airy rooms, and for the first time since leaving home, three years before, slept under a roof and upon beds. We were soon made acquainted with our duties, which were to guard every part of the fort and keep a close watch on the prisoners, who considerably outnumbered us. The regiment which had, in 1862, gone out nearly 1,000 strong, was now reduced to about 250 men present, fit for duty. The prisoners were lodged in the vacant casemates. They were shut in at night after a careful roll-call, and a strong guard was placed at each entrance to their quarters.

The routine of daily duty was soon established. After a crew had been detailed for the lifeboat, always ready for service, and another for two of the heavy guns, the remainder of our small force was separated into two divisions—one to go on guard each alternate morning. The prisoners were kept busy during the day; a part of them with the engineer corps in construction work, a part under guard in policing the fort until every corner of it was as clean as brooms and scrubbing brushes could make it.

Those prisoners! what a motley crew they were! Men from every State and Territory; men speaking almost every known tongue; old and young; college graduates; men who could neither read nor write; innocent-looking lads who would not harm a fly, and hardened criminals who would rob a wounded soldier or shoot a paymaster without a tremor.

THE PAYMASTER'S CLERK.

The first prisoner whose acquaintance I made was the son of a Brooklyn merchant. He was of Irish descent; he had enjoyed exceptional educational advantages; he was a fine penman, and was employed in the office as chief clerk. Having early enlisted in the navy, he had seen considerable service, and had earned his promotion as paymaster's clerk. Then his trouble began. His ship being in port, he secured leave to go ashore, met some friends, and with them started out to celebrate his recent promotion. He confessed to me that he got back to his ship in a "condition," but on time. Unfortunately, at the very hour of his arrival, it chanced that Admiral David D. Porter was on board on a tour of inspection. The "clerk," in his exalted condition, wanted to slap the admiral on the back and shake hands with him, for, like most sailors, he greatly admired the old sea-dog. The result can easily be imagined. It came in the shape of a sentence to the Dry Tortugas for ten years. Had this man arrived an hour later, he would have met not his admiral, but his captain. In that case his indiscretion would have been pardoned, but for overstaying his time he might have been required to remain in his

quarters on bread and water for two days. The navy would then have retained the services of a good man, and the Tortugas found another clerk.

A PHILADELPHIA BOY.

It was not many days before I made the acquaintance of a very different character. There were several inmates who, at the evening roll-call, were marched away and carefully locked in cells for the night. One of these was a Philadelphia boy, known on the records as "Charles Smith, No. 1." He was a slight, fair-haired, blue-eyed lad, whose bright, laughing face advertised him as an innocent, lovable fellow about fifteen years old. He was nineteen, in fact, and was the most expert thief I have ever known. This confused state of mind over the nature of property rights had cut short his military career and sent him to prison.

With the aid of a pair of blue trousers—borrowed from the quartermaster, without that officer's knowledge—he became a private soldier, and visited the officers' quarters on plausible errands. There he acquired a good stock of tobacco and cigars. Shouldering a broom, he entered the commissary department—"by direction of the officer of the guard." While he whistled and swept and talked entertainingly, as he could easily do, he appropriated everything movable. It seemed useless to watch him. If you examined his pockets, however, you were very sure to find some of your property there. He fooled the guards so often that it became monotonous. At length, one evening the quartermaster found that his storeroom had been broken open and twenty-four suits of uniform stolen. This was serious, as will be seen later. "Smith, No. 1," in his soldier guise, with his "merry whistled tune" and his magical broom, had committed the theft in broad day before the very eyes of a guard set to watch that identical door. When charged with the offense, Smith was wearing his Sunday-school face, and over it there spread a look of injured innocence rarely equalled. He always denied everything. The suits of uniform could not be found, and it was decided to put Smith where he would do no more mischief. On those slender wrists and ankles cruel irons were placed. These were securely fastened to a heavy ball and chain, and the whole anchored to an iron staple in the massive wall. To all who had a hand in it, this treatment seemed perfectly inhuman, for, even with indisputable evidence of his guilt, one's sympathies were always in favor of the boy. But Smith must be taught a lesson. The door of his cell was locked and a guard placed before it. Did the lad break his heart? In a couple of hours he handed the whole concern out through the wicket, with a pleasant "Here's your jewelry." A search of his bed revealed a pretty fair burglar's outfit, manufactured during his abundant hours of leisure. The process by which he was finally fastened seems to me, now, too terrible to relate here. It will be sufficient to say that at midnight he asked for me. I went to him at once, and found the poor boy lying on his cot, bruised and bleeding from his frantic efforts to release himself, and weeping convulsively. I washed his wounds—all self-inflicted—and at length quieted his grief and rage. Then the story of his life came out. It was the old story. He was the only child of wealthy parents. The father died early, leaving him to the care of a fond and too indulgent mother. The street did the rest. Before I left him that night he gave me his voluntary promise to make no more trouble. He was released, and, I am glad to say, faithfully kept his promise so long as I knew him. Within a month after my departure, however, he one night sawed the heavy bars to his little window, leaped to the ditch, swam to the breakwater, stole a boat, and escaped.

THE SEQUEL TO "CHARLES SMITH, NO. 1."

For many days nothing could be found of the stolen uniforms. It was well understood what such a theft meant. Twenty-four of the most desperate characters among the prisoners, disguised as soldiers, expected to pass the guard some dark night, seize a schooner, and escape. The plan looked very feasible. For days a quiet, but careful search was carried on. No clue could be obtained. The guard at the postern was doubled. Many of us felt uneasy. At last I took into my confidence a prisoner whose term had expired. He only asked if a certain cell had been examined. It had not. In it six well-known desperadoes were confined. That cell was visited. There were the four bare stone walls, some iron cots, and a chair—no other furniture. All the cells, like the casemates, were floored with heavy flag-stones laid in cement, but this one had also a good board floor laid above the flags. While I talked with the prisoners on various subjects, I examined that floor.

It seemed solid; and all the cracks were filled with dust. But there was one short piece. Hitching my chair nearer to it, I inserted my knife-blade under that piece. It came up. The search was over.

In an excavation made in the flagging were the uniforms and much more—cold chisels, hammers, and saws, stolen from the masons, and plenty of dirks made from chisels and case-knives—a most fortunate find. Smith had accumulated all these, and passed them into this cell. In case of failure to pass the guard, they intended to overpower it. What the result would have been is hard to imagine. That guard, always in charge of a trusty officer, was composed of picked men who had seen three years' service. Their guns were loaded, and they were not timid. There would have been a hand-to-hand struggle, and some one would have been hurt.

AN ENIGMA.

Occasionally, the work in the office became so great that more than the regular number of clerks was required. At such times we usually brought in some one of the prisoners. Among those frequently called upon was a young man known as Robinson. We liked him for his quiet, gentle manners. He worked steadily, never spoke except to ask or answer a question—and then in a soft, musical voice that was pleasant to hear. The strangest thing about him was that, although he did not seem strong, whenever he was sent for he begged to be excused, preferring to wheel sand and brick in the hot sun rather than sit and write in the cool, breezy office. On one of the occasions when Robinson was assisting us, the mail arrived. It came weekly by schooner from Key West. The four clerks—three prisoners and one soldier—were busy at a large table, while I examined and sorted the mail, of which there was a large basketful. At length I came upon a voluminous document which for a time puzzled me. There were many sheets covered with endorsements and fairly bristling with official stamps. Finally I had them in order. They began with a letter from Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister of England, to Lord Lyons, the Queen's ambassador at Washington. Of the original letter I have a copy. It was to this effect: "A little more than a year ago a young man left England and went to the United States. He was last heard of as having enlisted in an Ohio regiment under the name of Joshua Fielding. Can you obtain information of him?" This brief note was signed simply "Palmerston." To the original letter had been attached many endorsement slips. The first by Lord Lyons, referred the letter to William H. Seward, Secretary of State, for information. By Mr. Seward it was referred to Assistant Adjutant General Townsend, with a request that the matter be investigated at once. From General Townsend it went to General George H. Thomas, commanding the Department of the Tennessee, and then on down by corps, division, and brigade, until it reached the regiment to which the boy had belonged. Then followed the information that Joshua Fielding had twice deserted and reënlisted in another regiment—each time under a different name; that he had deserted from the third regiment and secured employment as a citizen clerk at General Thomas's own headquarters; that he had at last been arrested, tried by court-martial, and "sentenced to hard labor for ten years at the Dry Tortugas," where he was then supposed to be. It had afterward, in regular course, gone back to the Adjutant General's office at Washington, from which place it had been forwarded to Tortugas with an order for all the information possible.

What a collection of autographs! But I was not then a collector; besides, that singular document must receive my endorsement and be returned to Washington by to-morrow's mail.

As to which of our 400 was Joshua Fielding, I had not the slightest knowledge. It would be necessary to go over the files and discover him by the particular *alias* under which he had been tried and sentenced.

Requesting the four clerks to rest a few minutes, I read them the original letter. It was too late to look up "Joshua Fielding" that night, so we speculated as to his identity. In this discussion Robinson, according to his custom, took no part, but continued his writing as impassive as usual. When work for the day was done, however, and the others had gone, he came to my table and said, "What will you do with that letter?" "Return it to Washington with the information required, of course," I replied. "Must you do that?" he asked. "Certainly, I should be liable to court-martial if I did not." I was surprised at his interest and watched his face. He was visibly excited. "Can't you let me have it?" was his next question. "Why, Robinson, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am Joshua Fielding, and

I would rather be shot than have that document go back to England."

"Is Fielding, then, not your real name?"

"Of course not!"

"Who, then, are you?"

"Oh, sir, that I can't tell you." He pleaded, with tears in his eyes, that I would not return the paper.

We sat—he and I—while he told me of his experiences as a deserter. He saw no crime in any but the last, for in the first two cases of desertion he had reënlisted. Again I tried to get his name, but his only reply was, "If you knew who I am, you would not wonder that the Prime Minister of England has joined in the search for me."

As I write, a muster-roll of the prisoners at Dry Tortugas, in September, 1865, lies before me. There stands the name "E. Robinson," *alias* Joshua Fielding, and that young fellow's face comes up before me as plainly as on the day he begged the poor privilege of remaining unknown.

A month previous about fifty men had been recommended to President Johnson for pardon. As if to complete this little tragedy, at the bottom of the same basket of mail that had given us its first chapter, I found a list of the prisoners pardoned, and among the names was that of "E. Robinson." The pardon was to him a matter of no concern whatever. The next ship took him to New York—a free man. Who was he. Where is he to-day? I have never learned more.

THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS.

As may readily be imagined, interest in the fort centered chiefly about the four men who were then believed to have had some share in the assassination of President Lincoln. These were Mudd, Arnold, Spangler, and O'Laughlin. Mudd was a physician, and it was to his house that Booth had ridden on the night of his great crime. There his broken leg had been set, and there he had been secreted for one day. The doctor was an educated man of refined and dignified manner. He had never quite recovered from his surprise that any one should find fault with him for setting a broken bone for a stranger. He always asserted that he did not know Booth, and was not aware, at the time, that Booth had committed a crime. But Mudd had been an ardent secessionist. The boot which he took from Booth's foot—and which was left at his house—bore on the lining, in plainly written characters, "J. W. Booth," and the hurried manner in which the injured man was spirited away convinced the court that Mudd was an accomplice. He was accordingly sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It was a hard fate to be called upon for professional services by a wounded desperado, and then narrowly to escape hanging for it. The trial and sentence were a terrible blow, from which Mudd never recovered. He had left a devoted wife at his home in Maryland, and his mental sufferings were so severe that he seemed always on the verge of insanity. He had at first been put to work with a wheelbarrow, but, having never done any manual labor, he was rapidly failing under the combined physical and mental strain. For this reason I directed that he be transferred to the prisoners' hospital as nurse. There he made himself exceedingly useful, and there he might have remained had not his homesickness, in an evil hour, overcome his judgment. While a ship lay at the wharf, he contrived to get on board and secrete himself in the coal bunkers. He was of course discovered, and then he learned what he did not before know, that no ship was allowed to sail until it was ascertained that every prisoner was in his place. He was immediately placed in solitary confinement, where he remained several months. It was during this period that he wrote the following letter now in my possession.

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS, FLA.
September 19, 1865.

My Dear Sir:

I did not observe until this morning the token of your friendship and kindness. I accept, with pleasure, the volume ("Les Miserables"),* and as often as my eyes shall scan its consoling pages, my mind shall revert with gratitude towards the donor for the kind consideration received. You will please excuse my present poverty for a more suitable reciprocation of good feeling, and accept a small medal—usually worn by members of the Catholic Church as a monitor and in honor of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Christ.

With many regrets at your early withdrawal from the chief command of the post and contemplated departure homeward—a pleasant trip—a happy future,

I am very respectfully and truly,
Your obedient servant &c.,
SAM'L A. MUDD, M.D.

The second of the conspirators, Samuel B. Arnold, was to me a far more interesting character. He was a young man not long out of college. Nature had done much for him. He was tall, of good figure, of very prepossessing manners, and with all the instincts of a refined gentleman. He was the

* This book—just printed in this country—had been sent to me, and my sympathy for Mudd's sufferings prompted me, on my departure, to send it to his cell. I still have the little medal.

intimate friend and companion of John Wilkes Booth, whom he somewhat resembled. He frankly admitted that he had been in correspondence with Booth with regard to a scheme to abduct President Lincoln, convey him to the Confederacy, and hold him as a hostage until peace could be secured on terms which those two young men proposed to dictate.

Arnold talked with me very freely of this plan. It was one that naturally appealed to two romantic young men, neither of whom had very strong inclinations towards the privations and dangers of actual service in the Confederate army. How little those two hot heads comprehended the temper of the North is now clearly seen. Abraham Lincoln, no more than Regulus of old, would have accepted either life or liberty at such cost to his country, and the war would have been prosecuted with still greater vigor. Arnold always maintained that he broke off the correspondence with Booth because he became convinced that the scheme was impracticable. At any rate, the Confederacy fell too soon for their plan to be carried out. Arnold's letters were found in Booth's trunk, and these letters brought that young man so near the gallows that he considered himself fortunate in escaping with a life sentence to the Tortugas.

Arnold was an expert penman, and was constantly employed in the office. Unless questioned, he never spoke of himself, but his sensitive face showed how keenly he suffered. Upon Dr. Mudd's insane attempt to escape Arnold was also placed in close confinement, and then the bitterness of his spirit was poured out in a letter, written me after my departure, which I still preserve.

Edward Spangler was a very different sort of man. He had been the stage carpenter in Ford's Theater. He, it was claimed, had so arranged the doors that when Booth should obtain admission to the President's box and close the doors behind him, he could not be pursued. What the doubt was that let him off so easily, I do not now remember, but while Arnold was sentenced for life, Spangler was given but ten years. He was a German, fat and jolly. I think I never saw him when he had not a smile on his broad face. He seemed to treat the whole affair as a joke, and went about his work with as good a stomach as any free artisan working for top wages.

On the fatal evening of April 14, 1865, Michael O'Laughlin, an Irish shoemaker, had done his day's work, changed his clothes, and taken a stroll uptown. Chancing to be near the entrance to Ford's Theater, he had been given a dollar to hold Booth's horse. It was never proven satisfactorily that he had any knowledge of the crime until it had been committed and the perpetrator had fled.

If we consider the intense feeling, the supreme horror which the perpetration of this crime sent like an electric shock over the whole country—South as well as North—we may perhaps wonder that any one of these four men escaped with his life. O'Laughlin, like Spangler, received a ten year's sentence. He left behind him a family, to whom he was deeply attached, and, from the first he was a broken-hearted man, dying in prison within a year. O'Laughlin's case has always appealed very strongly to my sympathies, for I have never been able to divest myself of the feeling that he was the victim of a most unhappy combination of circumstances.

President Johnson's controversies with nearly all his early political associates fortunately soon toned down his often-expressed inclination toward punitive measures. The three living "conspirators" were pardoned within two years of their conviction, and the act scarcely excited remark. The death of Dr. Mudd, years ago, called out many extravagantly erroneous accounts of the small part he played in a fearful tragedy. Arnold, if living, is, I have no doubt, a good, loyal American citizen; while Spangler, now about seventy-five years of age, in all probability plies his carpenter's trade, and occasionally, over his evening pipe, delights his grandchildren with the story of "the time when I came so near being hanged."

A FALSE ALARM.

The belief that rebellion lurked in a thousand hiding-places all over the Southern States, and was liable to break out at any moment, was quite general during the summer of 1865. The two great armies had actually disappeared, and there was as much danger of a renewal of the strife from one side of Mason and Dixon's line as from the other, but men did not so understand it. The following incident illustrates this fact. In the month of August, General L. C. Baker, Chief of the United States Detective Bureau, telegraphed from St. Louis to General Sheridan at New Orleans that he had discovered a plot to surprise the garrison at Tortugas and release the State prisoners confined

there. General Sheridan, with his usual promptitude, immediately dispatched to Tortugas a staff officer in the swiftest steamer at his command, with a copy of General Baker's telegram and the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.
NEW ORLEANS, August 20, 1865.

Commanding Officer, Tortugas:

The enclosed telegram is forwarded for your information. You will at once take measures to prevent the accomplishment of such purpose as the surprise of your post and the release of the prisoners therein.

Report by return of the bearer the strength of your garrison.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen.

The same message was sent to General Grant at Washington, and at once from Fortress Monroe came another swift steamer with another staff officer, bearing a letter of the same import from the Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, General E. D. Townsend, written by "direction of the Secretary of War," Edwin M. Stanton. This account shows the importance which was then attached to the safe-keeping of the four State prisoners. At that time Dr. Mudd was quietly pursuing his duties as day nurse among the sick prisoners; Arnold was writing in the provost marshal's office; Spangler was enjoying life and whistling away the days as he wielded hammer and saw and plane; and O'Laughlin was pining to his death. Looking back to those days, I am certain that some one played a practical joke on General Baker, the Secretary of War, and General Sheridan, for it is not probable that the four men mentioned had any hope of release. However the rumor having been given such credence at headquarters, it would not do for us to be caught napping. A few extra guards were set, our muskets were kept loaded day and night, and the crews for the great guns were strengthened. It was all we could do. Indeed, we were very incredulous in regard to the alleged conspiracy.

But one quiet afternoon all our incredulity forsook us. We felt sure that the rescue expedition against which we had been warned was at hand. A large brig-rigged schooner was seen heading for the channel. Our glasses failed to reveal any flag flying at the masthead, nor were more than two men visible upon her deck. She raised no pilot's flag, hoisted no signal of distress. The breeze was very light, yet she had only one small foresail set.

After the warnings we had received, it was easy to imagine that she carried a heavy cargo of treason between decks. Until sundown she approached, and then, tacking northward, disappeared in the gathering dusk. That night no one was allowed to sleep. The men stood by their guns, the life boat's crew outside was on the watch, and the prisoners were doubly guarded. There came no alarm.

The following morning the schooner again appeared, approached, and tacked as before. Three times she repeated this manœuver, and then our trusty old pilot consented to go out to her. After several hours he returned with the intelligence that our mysterious brig was from Portland, Maine. She had been to Aspinwall with a cargo of ice, and was homeward bound in ballast. Every man on board was either sick or dead with Panama fever. The captain, only, was able to creep about on deck to change the course of his ship, but even he was too weak to run up a signal. More than this, his ship had sprung a leak, and had already nine feet of water in her hold. How we found a dozen sailors among our most desperate prisoners, put them in our great life-boat with as many soldiers fully armed, compelled them to row out to the brig, pump her out, and bring her into a safe anchorage, seems now a very ordinary tale, but at the time we thought it quite an exciting experience. The ship was cleaned, the dead were buried on one of the islands, and the sick were cared for by our good regimental surgeon.

Never since have I seen a man so grateful as that captain when one of our officers with his band of "pirates," as he called them, climbed aboard and took command of the sinking craft. The captain went to Havana, recruited a fresh crew, and proceeded on his voyage.

General Baker's party never came, and soon the memory of our "scare" faded away only to be recalled as one of the many incidents that go to make up an old soldier's yarns.

HOW SHE SAVED THE GENERAL.

By Evelyn Magruder De Jarnette.

YES; I did save the General's life—saved it twice. Just let me tell you.

First: there was Pa—a perfect prisoner!

I said, "Oh! my poor Pa; do you think they will cut you in four pieces and hang them over the gate-posts and horse-rack like King Edward done Sir William Wallace?"

"Say *did*, Virginia. Oh, no, Child! who cares to murder an old grayheaded preacher like me. I am under guard; that is all! You poor little flitter-head sparrow!"

Pa tried to smile, but he did not deceive me in the least.

I knew he was held a prisoner of the deepest, darkest dye—a prisoner of war in his own very house. Yankees with guns and weapons at both doors and Pa pacing up and down, backwards and forwards, up and down the long hall, with that pitiful look on his face, like a bug on a log, and both ends burning, and hands clasped behind over his coat-tails.

They let me run about, free as a house cat, and I was excited. Me and Paul, we're not afraid of any Yankees! I felt brave and heroic, and I dared them (not out loud) to slay me or chain me in irons!

I know a great deal from Paul's reading so much. I hate books my self, but Paul gloats on them and tells me the tales till my head is stuffed full as an egg with schemes, stratigems, and all sorts of expedients.

"And Pa pacing up and down."

Poor Pa never pays the least attention to my advice, and is too good and poke-easy to make any effort for himself, or I would have whispered:

"Pa, make a sudden dash and butt the sentry off the back porch and escape, while I fly to the front door and lock it!"

Instead, I just held his dear hand and tried to amuse and cheer him up with a riddle.

"Pa," I said, "Yard full, porch full, can't get a dish full"—meaning enemies, of course, though the true answer is *smoke*.

Pa never even heard me. He kept on looking sorrowful. He darsn't get himself a drink, so I brought him the gourd, and his dear hand quivered till he spilt the water. I began to feel uneasy they would behead Pa, so I hurried back to the porch to watch. I made up my mind they should trample over my dead body before they hit Pa a lick.

I counted between thirteen and fourteen troopers. They moved about continually, and orderlies held spirited horses that champed and looked splendid.

I did hope and trust they had not captured Firefly, Paul's colt. He and I had hid her in the old Mine Pit, back of Hazel Spring, in the woods.

Whenever we heard talk of Yankees coming, me and Paul hid our valuables safe and sound. The woods back of the spring is full of old pits where they dug for gold about a thousand years ago. There's mighty little in these old Spottsylvania wilds me and Paul don't know.

Our poor Ma had been enjoying herself up with the angels ever and ever so long, and Pa, preaching every whichaway, left me and Paul to raise ourselves to suit ourselves—we are twins, you know.

The servants managed some sort of shackly way, but we all kept care of Pa and loved each other very dear.

Paul is more honerble and toplofty than me, but I have got a great deal the highest temper.

Well, I sat in the porch corner and watched. I knew one of the officers was a general by his straps and buttons skipping.

He looked very fiery and noble and wrote notes occasionally, which splendid couriers

"I dropped the empty gourd on purpose, and picked up a note along with it."

would take after saluting, and dash away galloping. There was not any battle going on, but some kind of a skirmish, I think.

I know all about battles; and the little puffs of smoke now and then were just to let folks know they were about, I suppose. There was not near so much uproar as our Colonel Carter had kicked up when he camped on Raccoon Branch and let Paul have the skins from the beeves.

And Unc' Black Dan made Pa lovely preaching boots out of Paul's skins, with criers that would screech all the way from the door to the pulpit, and Unc' Dan—he could do anything. He made me and Paul little cowskin shoes. Not very pretty, and stumpy, but comfortable.

And Pa was always sending a servant to "see what the children were doing and tell them to stop." Of course me and Paul did not pay much attention to messages, but when we heard those boots come a-creaking we stopped.

For we love him dearly and do not like to fret him.

Well, this General was dressed in pistols and a gold-hilted sword, like *Ex Calibur*.

When I thought of Pa's suffering I had a great mind to snatch a pistol and clap it to his *fifth-rib* and exclaim:

"Die, Vandal!"

That's what Paul called them. "Vandals and Despot-heels." Or, better still, I'd swirl the gold-hilted sword and with one fell swoop send his proud head skipping nine ells into our front yard.

I didn't really snatch either, but my arm shot out in a terrible manner, and I hissed:

"Per-r-rish, tr-r-raitor!"

I suppose I frightened the General, for he upset his ink, and cussed awful.

I ran and got our bottle me and Paul had made out of elderberries and oak galls. It wrote lovely, but was very sticky.

The General thanked me like any other person, and had such a kind, sweet smile I was very glad I had not killed him.

He rummaged his pocket and gave me a bunch of ivory toothpicks that opened like a little fan, and a knife. A knife with two good blades and a corkscrew. I never was so astonished.

"Thank you," I said. "I'll do you a favor some day."

He smiled at me again.

"A mouse saved a lion's life," I said, very dignified.

He dropped his notes on the porch floor to dry. I pressed up to his shoulder to see him write.

"I sprang and pulled his hair."

It was my ink, and I certainly had a right.

"Can you read it, little rebel?" he asked quizzical; for he was not a bit in any hurry.

"No, sir," I answered; "but I expect Paul can."

He wrote awful bad.

Just then a scheme flew into my head to send one of these notes to our men, by Paul, for the rescue of Pa. Paul says, "All is fair in love and war."

So I brought a gourd of ice water to the General, and he drained it and said:

"That is fine!"

I dropped the empty gourd on purpose, and picked up a note along with it.

Then I flew to find Paul, who was down in the thickets about his traps; and I knew he was brooding schemes, too, for we both knew Pa takes mighty poor care of himself, and we look after him.

He was on his knees and I thought in great despair or at prayer.

But Paul was scratching eggs out of the guinea nest. I flew at him.

"It's my nest!" I cried.

"I found it!" he said.

"I watched the guinea, sir!"

"You watched the guinea rooster; you can't tell them apart, miss!"

I sprang and pulled his hair. He squirmed round and pulled mine, which was cut short exactly like his. We tussled and rolled and scrambled, till every guinea egg was smashed. I could not boss Paul and he could not boss me, for we were twins, and the very same age.

Then we sat up and glared. I tore my handkerchief and threw him half to mop his bloody nose, and bound up my skint wrist with the rest.

"Paul," I said, "I am perfectly ashamed of ourselves. To waste all this good fighting that might have slain a Yankee!"

"Virginia," sneered Paul, "you are no such a great fighter. You can make a fellow's nose bleed, and that's about all."

"What's the matter with my flying at the big General's nose then, while you stab his back in the fifth rib?"

"I'm too honerble!" said Paul haughtily. "Stab even an enemy in the back—never!"

My conscience hurt me for planning the death of that good, kind General. I felt that I must have a mean heart.

"Paul," I said, "you are noble. You ought to go along with the Prince of Whales, and Ivanhoe, and Richard Cure-the-Lion."

That flattered Paul and he smiled.

Then I said eagerly: "The job of rescuing our poor Pa, pacing like a—like a wounded bison, would suit them exactly. If we could only send word to them, I know they would come with their vassals."

"Virginia, they are dead," said Paul quite solemn. "You seem to get things mixed half the time."

He shook his head in great botherment.

"Your schemes are always flighty, Virginia. You nearly killed me once. That time you tied my aching tooth to the string and an apple to the other end and made the old sow run away with it."

"I sat on the stump and watched him and Firefly trotting away."

But when I showed Paul the despatch his eyes glowed like lightning bugs.

"If Stonewall Jackson gets this, Virginia, he'll come. I know he'll come. He is out on the rampage now. Unc' Black Dan says so. He is here to-day and there to-morrow; swift as a weaver's shuttle. He is on the old Furnace Road now, on the rampage."

"How does Unc' Black Dan know, Paul?"

"He heard it by the Underground Railroad—last night."

"How?"

"Oh, that's what they call it. Don't you know colored folks find out things long beforehand?"

"Paul, that is perfectly splendid. You carry the despatch, and tell General Jackson I say our porch and yard are full of Yankees."

"Why should I tell General Jackson *you* say, Virginia?"

"Oh, well! Just tell him you say. I'll run and get you a pass like Colonel Carter gave,

"With his back against the bell-pear tree stood Pa, trembly as a ghost."

and you'll ride Firefly, and I'll meet you with it at the old Mine Pit."

"You can't get any pass, Virginia. They don't give passes to girls."

"Just look at you now. Always objecting. I'll get the pass from my dear, kind General. You go saddle Firefly and wait for me at the Mine Pit."

Then I flew like a flash, indeed. There was the sentry, there was Pa. "Lean your head down, my poor Pa," I said. I hugged him tight and bade him "cheer up" and "never despair" and only trust in me and Paul and Heavenly Father.

Then I ran up the long stairs and threw off my gray homespun dress and red flannel petticoat in a little pile on the floor and hurried into Paul's other suit.

We had swapped clothes so often, just for fun, to fool people, I felt as easy in his as my own, and Pa was the only one could always tell us apart.

I crept down the back stairs, got out through the apple-cellar window, and went round to my General.

"I drew her little front paws over my shoulder and dragged her skin sadly along."

He was leaning against the porch pillar, looking very grand and noble, busy talking.

I swung up on the low porch and touched his arm. I was in such a hurry; no time for swapping knives.

"Please, sir, let me have the skins at Hazel Spring, where the beeves are killed?" I asked. They were the very words Paul had said to Colonel Carter.

"Yes, sonny, as many as you want," he said, and went on talking.

I jogged him again.

"Please, sir, gimme a pass, or they'll shoot me like a crow."

He wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to me. He was such a splendid, good General, I was gladder than ever I had not slain him.

As I made my way towards the woods, soldiers halted me, called me "Johnny," and "Reb"; and by the time I reached the spring, I had showed my pass three times.

The fat Dutchman in charge of the beeves said: "Dat vash all vreet!" I watched the man for a while. Presently, I slipped away and dodged about

in the bushes till I was clean out of sight. Then I fairly cut for the old Pit.

Paul was waiting. He had gone a round-about way by the dry ravine and over our big arbutus patch. Firefly was rubbing her nose on his shoulder and very glad to see us.

We were both pale and began to realize somebody might get hurt. So many enemies lurking around who did not care at all who they shot.

My heart beat with great bumps against my side, and Paul's gray blouse fluttered like a bird was in his bosom.

I handed him the pass.

"O, Paul," I said, "does your courage hold—do you dare?"

"It does. I do, I do, Virginia. I'll never turn back!" He clasped his hands and looked noble and solemn.

"If the worst comes to the worst, Virginia," he said, trying to cheer me, "we will join poor Ma and the angels."

"'*Poor little rebel! Poor little kid!*'"

"Paul," I said, "would you rather go enjoy yourself with Ma, or scuffle it out here?"

He answered sorter slow: "What is good enough for angels is plenty good enough for me; but I don't see how you and Pa could get on very well without me, Virginia."

Firefly rubbed up between us, and we all put our arms around one another's necks.

Paul said some of that piece we like so well:

> "To every man upon the land
> Death cometh soon or late,"

and

> "How can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds?"

"What a little fellow you are, Paul," I said, noticing it all at once.

"I was just thinking what a little, small chap you are yourself, Virginia."

It was time now for me to be hurrying back, for I felt sure Pa would get into some mischief without me.

I told Paul, "Be sure not to catch cold," and we kissed.

Then he climbed up in the little saddle Pa had made for him Christmas, and I sat on the stump and watched him and Firefly trotting away through the pines and dogwood bushes, and realized he was just a little boy.

That was the last I saw of Paul for a long, long time.

The fat German eyed me very keen as I came back. I put my hands in my pockets and whistled to let him know I was a boy.

I was terribly afraid he would call for that pass again, but he did not.

He pointed to a bloody hide and said: "Dere ish your skin, leetle poy!"

And—Oh-h! it was the skin of my own little Spotty heifer!

I burst out crying, "You are a thief! I'll report you! I'll tell the General. Oh! my dear calf I raised myself!"

It does hurt anybody so awful to kill their heifer they raised themselves.

I drew her little front paws over my shoulder and dragged her skin sadly along.

I could not stop crying about Spotty, and dragged her poor skin half-way home without being bothered, till in the edge of the thickets there came a puff of smoke, and my left arm stung and dropped the skin, and I began to hurt all over.

I had on Paul's coonskin cap and somebody must have taken me for a varmint. When I got near the house, I felt very curious. I walked sorter onesided.

A soldier came to meet me and pulled me along roughly.

"You pitiful little rascal!" he said. "Come and report your deviltry! Dressed up as a boy, are you?"

"Artillery began booming, shells shrieked and bursted."

Just as I expected. No sooner was my back turned, than poor Pa got into trouble.

With his back against the bell-pear tree stood Pa, trembly as a ghost, between a line of soldiers, who stood at 'tention.

The General was leaning against the white porch pillar, and the officers stood near.

I do believe they were having a court-martial off my poor Pa.

Just then I staggered into view, for I was in great pain.

Pa exclaimed: "O, Virginia, Virginia, have you come at last?"

I clasped my hands to the General and cried out:

"Oh, do not shoot my Pa! He is innocent as you! I took the note. Shoot me! I am the guilty one—I!"

Then I toppled over and did not know anything more at all.

Now, I have to tell the tale as Pa told it later.

The General stooped down to lift me up and said:

"Poor little rebel! Poor little kid!"

At that moment a rifle ball tore a hole through the pillar where the General's head rested the instant before. He exclaimed:

"My God! The kid has saved my life!"

More bullets came flying out from the thickets; then a volley. Pa said it was pandemonium let loose. The rebel yell reverberated through the thickets.

"Yi-yi-yeii-yi! Yi-yee-i-ii!" and all in a moment, like a swarm of bees, there were thousands of gray jackets.

Our premises were cleared of the enemy in a twinkling. The peach orchard, in full bloom that morning, had not a blossom left the next day. The trees were stripped of their branches by shot and shell.

Pa says "the battle was fought gloriously and we won the field."

My pass did not do Paul a bit of good. Before he had gone a mile a soldier halted him, but Firefly did not stop quick enough. Poor Firefly always would manage Paul, and so she was shot and rolled on him.

He was mashed some, but the soldier did not bother him when he saw what a small chap Paul was. So Paul limped along till he met one of Jackson's scouts, and he carried him to Jackson. And Paul gave him the note and told him what I told him to tell him about our porch and yard full of Yankees.

Paul stayed in the camp hospital till he got patched up and they sent him home. They praised him up, too. But nobody praised me at all. They said I came in the ace of spades of being the death of both Pa and Paul with meddlesomeness.

Nobody gave me any horse or anything, except my dear, kind, sweet, good General.

How glad I am I saved his life. Saved it twice. First, by not killing him with his own pistol, and then when I fainted and made him stoop over to pick me up, just in time to dodge the minie ball aimed at his head.

It's a proud thing to save a fellow-being's life, and I've got his toothpicks and the knife yet, though both blades are broke. The corkscrew is all right.